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THERE is no way of winning the truth from the lips of a public man so sure as to shear him of influence and office. Alexander Kerensky, exiled in England, with no hope or desire of power with Bolsheviki or Monarchists, has opened his mouth to speak the truth about Russia. The Bolsheviki, he says, are being galvanized and sustained by the horror of the rule of their opponents. "There is no crime that has not been perpetrated by the agents of Kolchak against the population." Around Kolchak, Denikin, and Judenitch "are gathered all the scoundrels of the old régime." The support of these forces and the acts of the British in Russia "have made the name of England and of the whole Entente stand for the blackest reaction and tyranny in the eyes of the Russian people." These accusations from the man who was hurled from power and driven into exile by the Bolsheviki are worth examining in the light of the charges recently submitted in a memorandum to the Allied representatives at Vladivostok by those other persistent enemies of Bolshevist rule, the Czecho-Slovak forces in Siberia. "The unbearable conditions," says the memorandum, "cause us to ask the Allies to consider a means of safe conduct to the motherland. . . . By guarding and maintaining order, our army has been forced against its convictions to support a state of absolute despotism and lawlessness which has had its beginning here under defense of the Czech arms. The military authorities of the Government of Omsk are permitting criminal actions that will stagger the entire world." The "Russian Embassy" at Washington refuses, however, to be staggered. In answer to Kerensky's charge of despotism the Embassy declares that this can scarcely be, since on June 4 Admiral Kolchak sent a note to the representatives of the Allied Powers at the Peace Conference "in which assurances were given that the policy of the All-Russian Government would be liberal and democratic." That, we take it, settles the matter, and the Social Revolutionary uprising at Vladivostok, led by the Czecho-Slovak General Gaida, bearing the banners of the dissolved Siberian Constituent Assembly, was properly "stilled into submission" by Admiral Kolchak's forces of democracy and liberalism.

MEANWHILE, on the other side of the continent events are moving toward strange conclusions. Litvinov and the Soviet delegation are at Dorpat officially to discuss an exchange of prisoners with the Baltic states. In addition to the original conferees, Latvia and Esthonia, Lithuania, Ukrainia, and Poland have now sent delegates, ostensibly for the same limited purpose. But "unless indications are fallacious," says a special dispatch of November 17 to *The New York Times*, "he [Litvinov] is on his way to negotiate a peace that will recognize Soviet Russia's independence and the Bolshevist régime as the *de facto* government of the former empire. The logic of facts admits no other interpretation, although officially the conference here with the Baltic states, which opens today, and the still more important reunion at the end of the month with the British in Copenhagen, is only to discuss the exchange of military and political prisoners." The recent agile explanations of Mr. Lloyd George lend weight to the intimation contained in the preceding paragraph. On November 8, in his Guildhall address, the Prime Minister referred to the abortive effort of the Peace Conference to achieve peace in Russia. "I hope," he said, "that the time is not distant when the Powers will be able to renew that attempt with better prospects of success." What did this mean? *The Times* (London) said it meant the pursuit of a policy of "inherent inconsistency, not to say immorality." According to Mr. Bonar Law, on the other hand, it meant nothing that any sound reactionary need think twice about. On November 17 Mr. Lloyd George backed definitely out of Russia—men, money, and all—and left the future comfortably free from commitments; while Lord Robert Cecil abandoned the rapidly retreating anti-Soviet forces with the kindly admonition to settle down and establish "stable governments" in the territories they now occupy. As Mr. Lloyd George happily phrased it, "In whichever way we go we are marching into a fog." But emerging from the fog in the direction of Dorpat one may dimly discern the faint outlines of a new Russian policy.

THE passion of the Italian Government for gamboling—and gambling—in sundry corners of the world, when it ought to be working twenty-four hours a day trying to save its own people from starvation and chaos, is illustrated again in news that comes from South America via Wash-

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ington. Not content with having a poet conducting a free-booting expedition, unrestrained, along the Dalmatian coast, the Italian Government itself has been scheming to set on foot a commercial venture in Ecuador out of which profiteers and exploiters may extract further profits. According to advices from Consul General Goding to the Department of Commerce, the Italian mission at Quito has proposed that the Government of Ecuador shall cede to Italy the monopoly of leaf tobacco and its manufacture in the republic, and give to Italian companies the right to exploit the mining, forest, and petroleum resources of the country. In return, the Italian Government proposes to grant Ecuador a credit of $15,000,000 for railway and port construction and to establish an air service. In view of the fact that Italy borrowed more than a billion dollars from America during the war, and that she recently defaulted in the interest payment on her loan from England, the proposal to lend money to Ecuador strikes one as passing odd. The air service seems a natural expression of high finance and well adapted to a country that has no "blue sky" laws.

IN the recent Ontario elections the United Farmers of Ontario secured forty-one of the 111 seats in the legislature, thus gaining, in coalition with the fifteen members of the Independent Labor party, a majority of one over the combined strength of Liberals and Conservatives. As a matter of course, a Farmer, E. C. Drury, was chosen Premier; his Cabinet consists of five Farmers, together with two members of the Independent Labor party selected by him on the party's recommendation. Both Sir William Hearst, formerly Premier, and Sir Adam Beck, whose political strength detracted much from the Premier's power, were overwhelmingly defeated by Labor candidates. At the same time, in seven Federal by-elections five Farmers were elected, as against one Unionist and one Liberal. The Farmers were quite unprepared for so sweeping a victory; their triumph indicates that the voters are heartily sick of the old methods of inertia and inefficiency. Only two of the Farmer members of the Legislature have ever sat in Parliament before; all the Farmer members of the Cabinet own and operate their farms. Premier Drury, who is an out and out free trader, seems to have impressed people with his complete sincerity and honesty; he is entirely unhampered by party precedent or by the usual political obligations; and his efforts will accordingly be followed with the greatest interest, not only in Canada, where the Quebec Farmers declare that they will, at the next election, duplicate the Ontario victory, but also in this country, where unrest is no less general and methods of meeting it are no less necessary.

ATTORNEY GENERAL PALMER seems in a fair way to learn something about coal mining—and that is that it requires miners. As we write, a week after the recall of the strike order, there has been no resumption of work, and the shortage of fuel is already menacing. Many towns and cities in the Middle West lack even an immediate supply for domestic purposes; schools are closing; factories are shutting down; passenger trains are being cancelled; and the regional directors of the railroads, according to an unverified news dispatch, have gone so far as to recommend to the director general a nation-wide embargo on freight, a forty per cent. cut in passenger service, and the closing of non-essential industries, but Mr. Hines has taken no drastic action thus far. The fundamental fact of the situation, that the strike proceeded from the miners to their leaders, and not from the leaders to the men, has now been impressively demonstrated by the men's refusal to resume work even after the leaders had surrendered to the Government; some idea of the actual state of affairs is beginning to penetrate even official Washington. While certain irreconcilable operators accordingly urge legal proceedings against the individual miners for refusing to work, even the Attorney General's office is reported as reluctant to take such a step. Of course the only way to get coal is to redress the miners' very real grievances and so make them willing to dig coal; and no amount of abuse and misrepresentation to which they may be subjected is going to make them willing. Deserted by their leaders, they stand fast for their demands like men; if the public suffers in consequence, let it blame a government that has failed to do justice, not a group of men who have proceeded in the only way they know to secure justice for themselves.

IN opening the new conference of operators and miners at Washington on Friday, Secretary Wilson proceeded to give further evidence of the Government's partisanship by informing the miners that their demands were "impossible"; whereas everybody knows, and the miners themselves have repeatedly stated, that their demands constitute only an asking price. Following the Secretary's address, the miners at the opening of Saturday's session promptly put forward their terms—precisely the same that they have contended for all along, except that the six-hour day now asked is not "from bank to bank," and accordingly does not include the half hour or more ordinarily required to go down into the mines and return to the surface. The operators, on the other hand, were not ready to make any offer—they have not been ready with an offer at any time—and on Tuesday night they were still not ready. Why should not the Government get Judge Anderson to issue an injunction requiring the miners to compel the operators to make a decent offer? Meanwhile the public is suffering for lack of coal. But with the entrance of Fuel Administrator Garfield into the situation on Wednesday morning, doubtless all will be well. He is to point out, we are told, that the Government expects immediate resumption of coal production—and with the memory of his heatless Mondays burned deep in every mind, the hardest heart must melt. The situation discloses a singular though thoroughly characteristic lack on the part of the Washington authorities of any adequate plan for dealing with a grave public crisis created by their own neglect of public affairs of the highest moment and by their purblind ignorance of facts that lie open to the most casual observer.

MEANWHILE State officials, more concerned with coal and cold, and less concerned, perhaps, with politics, are taking measures to get the mines into operation. Governor Frazier of North Dakota took the lead in this as he has done in other matters. At the outbreak of the strike he had initiated prompt and intelligent action to secure the coöperation of miners and operators in keeping the State's lignite mines going. The miners willingly consented, as the proposal was favorable to them, and the operators at first were favorably disposed, but later

there developed among the majority of the operators, principally through the agitation of one of their number and an

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attorney, an indifferent attitude, and an admission that all his company was after was profits. The public welfare or the suffering of the people seemed to be a secondary consideration. It may become apparent that there were certain forces at work to prevent the operators from reaching a conclusion and that delay had become the sole purpose of the ruling factors. Who and what those forces were, the public may judge as well as I. It is an interesting commentary upon the attitude of the mine operators that the proposals which were presented to them, if accepted, would have caused them no financial loss.

On Monday, November 10, Governor Frazier issued a proclamation from which we extract the above passage, announcing that he would take over the mines on the following day. As he had given evidence of intention to deal fairly by the miners, they promptly went to work, and the mines have been in operation since, despite the bringing of legal proceedings, which are still pending. On November 17 Governor Allen, following the example of his North Dakota colleague, took over the coal mines of Kansas through receivership proceedings, and sought the aid of the miners to get the pits into operation. Similar steps have been called for in Ohio. On November 20 Governor Harding of Iowa telegraphed to his fellow-Governors as follows: "Suggest Governors of coal-producing States take charge of mines under whatever power or plan they have at their disposal, pay a wage to miners, during pending negotiations in Washington, on same scale, plus sixty per cent. increase." As to wages Governor Harding appears to disagree with Secretary Wilson. He adds one fairly apparent observation: "Only way to produce coal is to have miners go back to work." He believes that the miners will produce coal under his plan.

AGAIN the same old story. We warned our readers against newspaper accounts of the closing of the Scandinavian-American Bank of Fargo, heralded throughout the East as showing the unsoundness of Nonpartisan League financial ideas and methods, and as marking the beginning of the end of the North Dakota experiment in popular conduct of the people's business. The same papers that blazoned on their front pages the story of the closing of the bank had no space for its reopening on October 25. They passed over in silence likewise the decision of the State Supreme Court, which characterized the action of Attorney General Langer and Secretary of State Hall in shutting up the bank as "arbitrary and contrary to both the spirit and the letter of the law. It both merits and receives the condemnation of this court." *The World*, however, gave a column to Judge Birdzell's dissenting opinion. What the North Dakota farmers think of the bank is shown by their action in depositing in the institution $45,000 on the very day of reopening. The elaborate effort made to besmirch the Bank of North Dakota in connection with this case was apparently a flat failure; according to Mr. Cathro, the director general, the bank actually made $40,000 in its first seventy-odd days of operation—an almost unparalleled performance. Attempts have also been made to hinder the marketing of bonds for the carrying out of the State's industrial program.

WITH the passage of the Esch bill, providing for the return of the railroads to their owners on the last day of the month in which the act is finally passed by Congress, the House virtually ended its work for the session. The bill continues the standard guarantee under Federal control for six months after the roads are returned, and the present system of rate making, and eliminates the anti-strike provision so bitterly opposed by all organized labor. It adds to the machinery now in use for settlement of disputes three boards of appeal, but does not make settlement compulsory. As a matter of fact, the entire measure is a makeshift affair, presenting no constructive suggestion whatever for the pressing problems of providing capital and adjusting labor difficulties. Nobody imagines that a six-months' continuation of guaranteed earnings will reëstablish railroad credit, any more than a multiplication of adjustment agencies will settle the labor problem. The railroad financiers, through their allies in the American Federation of Labor, have ditched the Plumb plan, only to disclose more clearly than ever their entire lack of constructive ideas for a real settlement of the railroad problem, with all that such settlement means for national prosperity. What will come out of the Senate in the next session cannot be exactly foreseen, but the legislation thus far forecast promises little but trouble. Meanwhile the Railroad Administration goes steadily forward, putting to its credit a remarkable body of positive achievement, with which the public is all too little acquainted. If the financial interests fail in their desperate efforts to obtain a guarantee on securities, then the return of the roads will mean bankruptcy for many lines, and the possibility of a financial crash. The continuation of Federal control for two or three years would accordingly seem imperative; but in view of the accomplishments of the Railroad Administration during the past year such a continuation might mean that the roads would never go back to the old owners. The Government has poured great sums into the railroads in order to put them into good working condition; much remains to be done. But no one should fail to recognize the fidelity and intelligence that have marked the work of the Railroad Administration.

AN editorial in *Foolscap*, the literary magazine of the University of Minnesota, nicely reduces to absurdity the common argument of college trustees and presidents that for the sake of the students it is important to exercise a tireless censorship over the ideas and utterances of the professors. The writer of the editorial, presumably an undergraduate, points out that the effect, at least at Minnesota, is to make students so much freer than their teachers that they not only feel handicapped by lame instruction but are moved to pity or contempt for the poor creatures who are thus bound. "They have seen the flush of shame and anger rise to the cheeks of embarrassed teachers who could reply to audacious undergraduate taunts of insincerity and dishonesty only with mortified silence. They have seen, at that moment when vigorous applause gave generous approval to our president's insistence on academic freedom, at that very moment when enthusiasm for truth was at its highest, at that very moment they saw instructors wink at their colleagues, and deans look meaningly at some understanding friend. Students, both inside and outside the class room, are particularly observant of the actions of their instructors. They know when deans applaud because they have to; when professors say things they do not mean." How unspeakably absurd this makes the presidents and trustees look! It reminds one of parents who keep up the Santa Claus myth long after their children are in the secret, merely because the children are too polite to undeceive the dear souls.

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The Treaty Defeated

THERE should be but one regret in connection with the defeat of the Peace Treaty, namely, that it was not rejected squarely upon the ground of its inhumanity, of its betrayal of solemn pledges given by the American Government during the war, and of its flouting of the great program for world reorganization formulated by Woodrow Wilson in the Fourteen Points. Instead, the defeat is largely due to a group of partisans, most of them narrow nationalists with no adequate vision of the true internationalism which the future holds in store for the world. Yet none the less do we rejoice that for the moment the country has been saved from the dishonor of acquiescing in a treaty which embodies so gross a breach of faith with the American dead in France and the American living everywhere who took at full value and held in honor the assertions of the President that we were in the war to safeguard democracy and advance the cause of human liberty.

As early as May 17 last, when the main provisions of the treaty were first made known, *The Nation* demanded that what it termed "The Madness at Versailles" should be defeated. The months which have passed since that time have witnessed a steady awakening of the public conscience. On the other hand, the issue has been befogged in a variety of ways, and the most appealing arguments have been advanced. The world, it was said, would collapse if the treaty were not ratified; we must swallow every one of the admitted iniquities of the treaty in order to set the wheels of industry in motion again; in the League (to be radically reformed, of course, as soon as organized) lay the one hope of the world. Arguments of that sort were best to be resisted, as the event has shown, by stout adherence to principle, and not by a tame yielding of principle at the demand of a present expediency. It was the old dilemma which reformers have so often faced, that, namely, of laying aside principle and conviction and assenting to evil lest a conjured vision of some terrible future prove a greater calamity.

We do not, of course, mean to imply that the change in popular sentiment of which we spoke has been due to a universal weighing of moral values, or that it is yet either comprehensive or complete. There has been far too much apathy, too great popular unfamiliarity with the treaty as a whole, a too easy acceptance of the specious argument that if America joined a league of nations its independence would in some way be jeopardized. We have more than once voiced our regret that the detailed prescriptions of the treaty, as distinct from the League of Nations covenant, were being too little discussed. What was everywhere to be noted, however, was a growing mass distrust, a growing conviction that something was wrong. More and more the plain people in whom Lincoln trusted have come to feel that somehow things went awry in Paris, as well they might when five reactionary chiefs of state undertook to legislate for a suffering world. If there has been no such change in public opinion during the past six months, why have we not witnessed a popular uprising against Mr. Lodge, to whom the press has attributed about every unworthy motive under the sun? Why is it that the elections, even in hide-bound Democratic districts, have shown a remarkable swing to the Republicans? Why is it that political observers admit that, were the Congressional elections to be held today, the Democrats would be defeated?

Yet the deepest gratification over the rejection of the treaty must be tempered with solemnity. Legally, the United States is still at war with Germany. A great war in which the United States bore a leading part is over so far as the principal and associated Powers which have ratified the treaty are concerned, but the United States is not a party to the settlement. A League of Nations of which this country is not a member may, perhaps, be set up. Undoubtedly, too, the action of the Senate will be interpreted in more than one European capital as a victory for Germany, as a lamentable evidence of grave dissension among the Allies, as a repudiation by the United States of the practice, if not the theory, of internationalism, and as an indication of the purpose of America to withdraw from the peace settlement and leave Europe to its fate. There could be only one greater misinterpretation of the Senate action, and that would be for the United States itself to accept such conclusions as sound. It was not because of tenderness to Germany, but because the terms imposed upon Germany were outrageous and impossible, that the treaty lay open to attack. It was not because the Allies could not agree upon a program, but because the Senate refused to allow the United States to become a party to a program which was bad, that ratification was refused. It was not because the American people are opposed to a league of nations, for they are, we believe, overwhelmingly in favor of such a league, but because they refused to be forced or cajoled into an agreement which violated some of their constitutional rights and in which the people had no voice, that the covenant provisions of the treaty have been spurned.

And the United States will not withdraw and leave Europe to its fate. It has indeed reasserted, in decisive tones, its historical opposition to entangling alliances, and it will not, we feel sure, allow its friendliness or its wealth to be used to pull European chestnuts out of the fire. But it must still stand by all its obligations to war-torn Europe and to suffering humanity everywhere, and it must not shirk. Wherever the schemes of reactionary politicians mean the oppression or destruction of any people great or small, there Europe must be assured that the weight of American opposition will be felt. The new states which the war has called into being, which look today with appealing pathos to the United States as the one great Power able and willing to insure them justice, must not look in vain. The huge tasks of economic or financial reconstruction which Europe faces—every day's delay in their prosecution is a menace to civilization itself—must continue to receive American sympathy and substantial help; and there must be no slackening of American benevolence for the poor, the hungry, or the distressed. What the Senate has done is to save the United States from participation in an entangling agreement under which it could have accomplished, in practice, no large or permanent good for the peoples of the world, and to leave it free to serve the world in humane, generous, and unselfish ways. The way is now open, as it has never been open before and as it never could have been open had the treaty been ratified, for the United States to show and the world to learn that "American isolation" means no abandonment of international coöperation, no avoidance of international obligations, and no engrossment in selfish or provincial aims. It is to this great task that the President and the Congress should now address themselves.

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BEREA, OHIO

Our Chief Danger

"IN your rage for what you call law and order, you are in danger of going to such excesses as to become the most reactionary of countries"—these are the words of a distinguished English visitor who for some time past has been observing men and events in America. His amazement over the futile and arbitrary decision of Judge Anderson has been surpassed only by his feelings after a daily gleaning of the press. Fresh from the toleration of England, he reads of a socialist meeting broken up in Cincinnati by members of the American Legion who defy the Mayor when he rebukes them for their lawless acts. He learns of a police raid upon a "radical" headquarters after which the "premises where this raid was conducted were a wreck. Mirrors, electric light fixtures and a piano were in a state of demolition"—not by reason of acts of the radicals, but because of the deliberate and wanton mischief of those sworn to uphold law and order. Three men were treated by surgeons because of injuries inflicted by the police there and three others who were arrested were indignantly freed by a magistrate because the only charge against them was that one possessed a pocket-knife no bigger than the one the Magistrate himself carried with him.

That our police and prosecuting officials are so lawless, is what alarms this observer from abroad. Next to that comes the confusion of nomenclature which is going on. Thus every "radical" appears an outlaw; every communist is *ipso facto* one who seeks to destroy the government by force; the I. W. W. is merely to be regarded as an enemy of civilization and not as a symptom of a social disease; while any believer in the possibility that Lenin and Trotzky, despite their blood-letting, may have discovered something worth sober study and quiet investigation is held fit only to be deported at once, even if his ancestors came over on the Mayflower. The difficulty is that America has been profoundly ignorant of what has been the commonplace of European politics for decades. In Germany before the war it was only the Kaiser and the Junker who avoided all intercourse with Socialists. The latter were free to teach in the universities and schools and, in later years, to preach their doctrines publicly without governmental interference. What has been true of Germany has been true in even larger measure of France and Italy. But the United States still has only the vaguest conception of what socialism is; it does not differentiate between the types of socialism; it does not even understand the difference between socialists and communists and philosophical anarchists, between the mild and gentle philosopher of the Kropotkin type and the stupid and dangerous bomb-thrower. Unfortunately, the very men who seem to be the most ignorant are either those who are officially entrusted with enforcing our laws or those who, like the members of the American Legion, volunteer to control public opinion and enforce law and order. Thus Mr. Scott Nearing, whose pacifist teachings and abhorrence of violence make him a peculiarly useful person in talking to his fellow-socialists just at this time, is prevented from speaking at Grand Rapids by members of the Legion, whose former brethren-in-arms in Louisville have prevented Fritz Kreisler from giving a concert there because they do not wish any sympathy to be created for Germans or German art. In Reading, Pa., a serious conflict seems to have been averted only because the Socialists chose the better part and abandoned their meeting when menaced by a crowd of several thousand ex-soldiers.

Now the seriousness of this thing, quite aside from the lawlessness in which many of our officials are indulging, is this lumping all liberals and reformers as dangerous "radicals." All movements for genuine political progress may thereby be stopped with the inevitable result which takes place when one ties down a safety valve. But one cannot so much blame the local police officials who have had it drummed into their heads that it is the highest form of patriotism to ride their horses into processions of women and children or to break up the furniture and property of persons whose headquarters they raid, sometimes without warrants, when so many of their superiors have forgotten the fundamentals of American liberty and connive daily at violations of the Constitution and the Attorney General appeals to Congress for a law which is so loosely drawn as seriously to menace the right of public criticism. Well within his rights in asking Congress to define the crime of sedition and to strike at those who propose to accomplish changes by overt acts of violence, or by the threats of such violence, there is grave danger that unless this legislation is carefully revised it will go far beyond the mark, endanger law-abiding reform movements and drive underground where they flourish best the really dangerous movements against organized society which it is the duty of every government to watch and to guard against. It would be a misfortune, indeed, if the prevailing public hysteria, of which many of our public officials are the saddest victims, should make the situation worse rather than better, particularly as there is evidence that sufficient care is not being exercised to exclude from the country those who come here with the deliberate intention of using violence to upset the government.

None the less, if the situation in which the country finds itself today is an extremely dangerous one, it is because those who ought to keep the coolest heads, those entrusted with the carrying on of governmental functions, have become, we insist, among the most lawless. It is a time for everyone to keep cool. The Government of the United States is not going to be overthrown by force this week or next, not this year or next—never, we believe, unless our Mitchell Palmers, Archibald Stevensons, and our local police officials are permitted to establish upon American soil the kind of persecutions which horrified the world when the Czars were on their throne or our working people are led, like the miners, to believe that the Government is unjust to them and even deliberately hostile. Again it is no more just for the American Legion, a minority group, to impose its will upon the public as to what shall be said at meetings, than it would be for the I. W. W. to undertake to control all utterances in the public forum. From whomsoever such a proceeding may come it is un-American and wholly repugnant to the spirit of our institutions. It invites the very excesses against which all Americans protest who believe in evolution or revolution by peaceful methods. As we have so often pointed out, and shall continue to reiterate as long as *The Nation* appears, the only certain way to deal with the extreme advocates of change is primarily to remove those causes of social and political discontent which give the color of plausibility to their alarming agitation. In no other way is a modern state to be truly safeguarded.

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The European Elections

THOSE who looked to the European parliamentary elections of November 16 for light on political tendencies abroad will not find much that is new or surprising in the returns. Cable despatches to American newspapers—even those of the Associated Press—are lacking both in facts and in analysis, and are devoted largely to editorial jubilation over the victory in France for "law and order" (the existing political and economic order, of course), written purely for propaganda purposes in America. Fear of the Socialists in France led, for the first time, to a combination of almost all other factions against them, with the natural result that they were generally defeated, gaining only about half the number of seats they won at the previous election, just before the war. In spite of heroic effort on the part of the daily press to obscure and misrepresent the elections in Italy and Belgium, returns available at this writing indicate that the Socialists have made sweeping gains in their representation in both countries.

It is a mistake to try to explain the French and Italian elections with the same formula, as many persons seem disposed to do. Not only do the war and post-war spirit of the two nations present striking differences, but the practical possibilities of the election were radically dissimilar in France and Italy. Both countries were experimenting this year with a new electoral system—a general ballot for a large district instead of the election of one man from a smaller region—and both were groping for relief from the paralysis and near-bankruptcy caused by the war. But there the likeness ends. Frenchmen entered and sustained the war with a genuine spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice, engendered by the invasion of their homeland and a supreme national peril. After four terrible years they emerged from the struggle with an ingrown and too narrow nationalism begot by fear, with intensified racial hatreds born of suffering, but with a conviction of the necessity and worthwhileness of their losses and pain. The Government, having ended the war and negotiated a peace treaty, has been tactfully marking time while awaiting a new mandate at the polls.

To a national psychology like that of France the Socialist appeal was at best a difficult one. To convert a nation from such an *idée fixe* to new political and economic conceptions was hardly to be expected in the brief year that has passed since the armistice. That great headway has been made in that direction, however, is evident from the fact that fear of the Socialists was strong enough to lead to a union of most of the other parties against them. Such a fusion is not easy in France, where politics is more a matter of men than of parties, where affiliations are vague and subject to frequent change, and where party platforms and discipline, as understood in this country, do not exist except among the Unified Socialists. It is therefore evidence of unusual perturbation among the non-Socialist parties, as well as of the skill of Premier Clemenceau (to whom the fusion is attributed) that the *bloc national* was organized so as to capture some 500 of the 626 seats in the next Chamber of Deputies. This is, of course, a purely opportunist coalition—without fixed principles or program. On the other hand, the Unified Socialists, who elected about fifty deputies, refused all compromise, rejecting every candidate who did not subscribe to the party declaration against the peace treaty and against further Allied interference in Russia.

In Italy the election encountered a different national psychology. Her war stood naked before the world as an attempt at land-grabbing. The Italian war spirit was an artificial hysteria, induced by the Government at its own chosen moment, after that Government had already secretly committed the nation to the struggle by the Pact of London. Unsupported by any great purpose, Italian war enthusiasm had waned by 1917, and it was this that was chiefly responsible for the staggering reverses subsequently sustained by the troops. The truth regarding Italian participation in the war has been growing increasingly evident since. Not only have the Socialists emphasized the point, but Giovanni Giolitti—still one of the great political influences of the country—emerged from four years of obscurity to reenter the present campaign, and held up the record of the Salandra cabinet in drawing Italy into the war as a major defense of his own stand in favor of neutrality. On top of this growing feeling in Italy that the war was engineered as a political and commercial speculation has come the harrowing suspicion that, worst of all, the Government has been buncoed in the deal. The Italian Government has not been able to end the war, negotiate a peace, and stand pat, like that of France. Failure to get Fiume has called down the wrath of the Nationalists, and the possibility of a new war has roused the Socialists and others. It is not surprising, therefore, that returns thus far indicate that the Socialists have elected some 150 and the Catholics about 100 of the new deputies. Ministerialist representation has been further cut to pieces by the seating of other elements, so that the groups that have controlled the Government since the election of 1913 no longer have a majority.

Henry Lee Higginson

HENRY LEE HIGGINSON, who died in Boston on November 14, had long been known as the foremost citizen of Boston and one of Harvard University's chief benefactors. He was a notable financier, a devoted citizen of the Commonwealth, a princely patron of music; and yet to us he primarily conjured up visions of the brilliant group of young Harvard men many of whose brief careers are recorded in the Harvard Memorial Biographies—Wilder Dwight, Lucius Sargent, Robert Gould Shaw, William D. Sedgwick, James Savage, the Putnams and Lowells, and a host of others who gave their lives to free the slave, although they had everything to lose—position, family, means, all that goes to make life pleasant. There were, of course, other groups, both North and South, of similar readiness to sacrifice all—but these Harvard men stand out because of their historic names and because so many of them served in the Harvard regiments, notably the Second and Twentieth Massachusetts Infantry and the First and Fifth Cavalry.

Of the first of these Henry L. Higginson was one of the organizers. It was in the First Cavalry, to which he was promoted, that he took part in the brilliant but futile and costly charge at Aldie, Va., in which he received the deep sabre marks that lent distinction to his countenance; he left the regiment only when illness compelled, and it was to the memory of those who failed to return with him that he dedicated in touching inscription the Soldiers' Field at Harvard, the great playground for undergraduates so many of whom have recently sacrificed their young lives in the be-

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lief that it was for as sacred a cause as that of 1861. The lapse of time detracts nothing from the record of the elder generation. We have to question more and more how much of real freedom Appomattox won; we now see more clearly than ever before the futility of all wars in composing deep-seated human differences. But one could not deny if one would the ardent patriotism and the purity of motive of Major Higginson and his comrades, or fail to admit the charm and the pathos of their part in our history.

Unlike many, Major Higginson was not one of those who had to make his military record his stock in trade, and he speedily became one of the most potent influences in the world of finance. There was something Spartan in his simplicity and accessibility; his personal example was always of the best, and from generations of men and women of gentle breeding he had inherited the knowledge of how to use wealth well. Of his many benefactions the greatest is his gift in 1881 of the first American orchestra to be organized on a European basis. We have much older orchestras, but these were at that time on what may be called almost an amateur basis. Major Higginson wanted an orchestra like the best of the German organizations, composed of a permanent band playing together year in, year out, and doing nothing else. He brought over such notable conductors as Gericke and Nikisch, who gave weekly concerts during the winter season and speedily built up one of the best orchestras in the world. Abroad, the state has provided this need of the public; in America it is the privilege of the well-to-do, and surely no one ever carried on such a princely undertaking in a more self-effacing way than Major Higginson. It was always "the Boston Symphony" and never "Major Higginson's orchestra." The amount of the huge deficits he concealed until a few years ago; the total must now be much more than a million, yet he has made permanent provision in his will for the orchestra.

It was not only Boston that profited; in the large number of cities which the orchestra visited many devout lovers of music rose up to call its founder blessed. If one could measure the part of the Boston Symphony in furthering the work of American musical education, it would be found that it had figured notably in the development of orchestras in all the cities which possess them. It is not necessary to employ bronze or marble to commemorate Major Higginson. It will be enough to add a tribute to the stone at the entrance to Soldiers' Field and to place upon the Boston Symphony's programs—"Founded by Henry L. Higginson."

In the civic life of Massachusetts he will be sorely missed, and in State Street as well. Yet he, like Andrew Carnegie, belonged to an era that has ended. Men are, of course, largely the creatures of their environment, and too often its slaves when old age comes to them. Though Major Higginson's name was a synonym for personal probity, yet he could not perceive that we are on the verge of a new day, or appreciate, for instance, the righteous public wrath that followed the wrecking of the New Haven Railroad. He felt it a shame to criticize the elder Morgan because of that event, and he himself defended the Mellen régime. It must have seemed monstrous to him that he should live to see the hour when not merely stockholders, but railway employees should demand control of management and refuse longer to abide by the wisdom of Wall and State Streets. The times had slipped away from him; but if times change, the rugged personal virtues of Henry L. Higginson could not. As he saw his civic duty, he ever lived up to it.

De Tocqueville and Whitman

THE appearance in the Whitman centenary year of an important life of Whitman by a Frenchman, Léon Bazalgette, calls attention to a striking piece of prophecy which may be found, but seems not have been pointed out, in the second part of De Tocqueville's "Democracy in America," written fifteen years before the first edition of "Leaves of Grass." Though the Americans have no literature, says De Tocqueville, "I am convinced that they will ultimately have one; but its character will be different from that which marks the American literary productions of our time, and that character will be peculiarly its own. Nor is it impossible to trace this character beforehand." Such certainty De Tocqueville owed to his reflections upon the inevitable effect of the principle of equality. In democratic nations he felt sure that "literature will not easily be subjected to strict rules, and it is impossible that any such rules should ever be permanent." "Taken as a whole, literature in democratic ages can never present, as it does in the periods of aristocracy, an aspect of order, regularity, science, and art; its form will, on the contrary, ordinarily be slighted, sometimes despised. Style will frequently be fantastic, incorrect, overburdened, and loose—almost always vehement and bold." This carelessness of form, in his opinion, went to the very root of the matter—to the language itself. A revolution in social conditions tends to abolish linguistic standards. "The line ceases to be drawn between expressions which seem by their very nature vulgar, and others which appear to be refined." The shaggy idiom of Whitman would have seemed to De Tocqueville the logical result of democracy.

This was not, however, to say that the higher forms of literature had no future in America. "I readily admit that the Americans have no poets; I cannot allow that they have no poetic ideas." What democracy does is to divert its poets from the themes which have engaged the poets of aristocracies. It not only "diverts men from the description of ideal beauty," but it also "gives men a sort of instinctive distaste for what is ancient." Nor is this all. "Most of the old springs of poetry" are dried up by it. "After having deprived poetry of the past, the principle of equality robs it in part of the present." Skepticism has depopulated heaven, and a sort of equivalent attitude towards men has deprived us of demigods and heroes. Consequently "the search and delineation of the Ideal," which to De Tocqueville was the true definition of poetry, cannot continue to thrive on the old basis. But if democracy "shuts the past against the poet," it also "opens the future before him." "All that belongs to the existence of the human race taken as a whole, to its vicissitudes and to its future, becomes an abundant mine of poetry." "Among a democratic people poetry will not be fed with legendary lays or the memorials of old traditions. The poet will not attempt to people the universe with supernatural beings in whom his readers and his own fancy have ceased to believe; nor will he present virtues and vices in the mask of frigid personification, which are better received under their own features. All these resources fail him; but Man remains, and the poet needs no more. The destinies of mankind—man himself, taken aloof from his age and his country, and standing in the presence of Nature and of God, his passions, his doubts, his rare prosperities, and inconceivable wretchedness—will become the chief, if not the sole theme of poetry among these nations." If this is not prophetic of Whitman, no man ever blundered into prophecy.

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Behind the Miners' Strike

By SYLVIA KOPALD

THE steps in the evolution of the miners' strike group themselves roughly under five headings: the war agreement on fuel production; the Mooney conference; the Illinois revolt; the action of the Socialist Labor party; and the Cleveland convention.

In October, 1917, the United States Government, acting through its Fuel Administration, the mine owners, and representatives of the mine workers, entered into a tripartite agreement to insure the production of enough coal to "win the war." Coal strikes can interfere seriously with coal production. Consequently the miners agreed not to strike, under penalty of fine. In return a schedule of wages and hours was written into the contract, the details of which need not concern us. One little event arose from them, however, which adds a certain significance to later developments. In the autumn of 1918 the cost of living had mounted so high that the 1917 wage with which the miners had to meet it was entirely inadequate. On this ground an appeal was made for a wage increase. But when the Fuel Administration and the President refused the demand, the miners went on at the old rate. Miners are not a wild-eyed, scatter-brained lot. It is pretty safe to postulate a certain provocation for their "fundamental attack upon the rights of society." And in this connection the important point in the contract was the date set for its termination. The agreement was to end with the end of the war, or on March, 31, 1920, if the war continued beyond that date.

On January 14, last, about two months after the President had declared that "the war thus comes to an end," came the Mooney conference. From the 14th to the 17th delegates from American Federation of Labor unions gathered at Chicago to consider ways and means of freeing Mooney. The conference was far more radical than the usual American Federation of Labor convention. The reason is contained in this fact: only 148 out of the 1,182 delegates were sent by central labor bodies and State federations; the rest were elected directly by the members of local unions. The usual "democracy" of an American Federation of Labor convention is indirect and once removed: delegates elected by delegates elected by the rank and file. The representatives at the Mooney conference were directly representative and—significant fact—were comparatively "red." The conference recommended that a four-day political protest strike be voted by labor for July 4. And here ends the prologue of the drama. Its two parts are the explanation and provocation of what followed.

The United Mine Workers of America are divided for organization purposes into districts, each district usually coterminous with a State. District 12 is and has been the center, source, and nerve spot of the storm. District 12 is the State of Illinois. It comprises about 90,000 miners. Its president is Frank Farrington. The Illinois miners quickly took action upon the Mooney strike recommendation. A large number of locals voted concurrence. On July 4 miners struck in various parts of the State. The mine operators as well as many union officials immediately brought forth the war agreement and cried "Breach of contract." The technical question involved was: Had the war ended? For all practical purposes, it had. The Government, moreover, by dissolving the Fuel Administration, had really withdrawn from the contract. Now the withdrawal of one of the contracting parties from an agreement invalidates that agreement. Therefore, did the miners commit a breach of contract by their Mooney protest strike, or did they not? That was the question; but the mine operators did not stop to argue. When the miners returned to work they found that they had been fined for striking, in accordance with the fine provision incorporated in the war agreement. These fines were taken directly out of their pay envelopes. Infuriated, the miners struck again. The Illinois rebellion was on.

This second strike was directed against the mine operators and union officials. The latter replied by suspending the rebellious locals. And with that began a bitter intra-union struggle, the fight between union members and officials which is characterizing so many of the present labor struggles in America. Groups of "crusaders" were organized (like the groups of strikers in the Belleville district who carried the "gospel" to the southern coal fields) who went from place to place to carry their enthusiasm to the unaffected. The response was immediate. A demand went up for a State convention to be held before the international convention. The opposition of union officials availed them nothing. Representatives of over 55,000 miners met at Springfield on August 19.

However much the labor machine might oppose the calling of such a convention, it was astute enough to realize the necessity of controlling it, once it had been called. The temperature of the convention was high, but it was not allowed to become more than temperature. The radical element in it soon raised the cry of "labor faker." Certainly some kind of very intricate manipulation was leading the lightning into the ground. An example of one of the very effective methods of insulation used is Rule 3, notorious among Illinois miners. This rule prohibited the consideration of any business that did not pertain directly to the Illinois situation. Miners from Pennsylvania and other States were denied the floor. The radicals left the convention in disgust. The affairs before the Springfield convention were given over to the international convention at Cleveland and the Lewis machine.

But a factor so important and dangerous has entered the struggle through Illinois that it is worth while to sacrifice chronology to a consideration of it. This factor is the adoption of physical force by the opposition as a method of repression. Mine operators, State officials, and union officials have all resorted to violence and physical force, to "direct action" against the miners. The Cleveland convention devoted two days to a consideration of the Illinois situation. Those two days led Frank Farrington a pretty race. Few of the details leaked into the out-of-town newspapers. But the Cleveland dailies could not withhold the facts. Moreover those who had been in the convention were more than willing to tell the tale. Warren Bradley, an Illinois miner, writing in *The Weekly People* of October 25, said:

> He [Farrington] was held up before the convention as a gunman. . . . Armed thugs were sent out to the county line

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between Perry and Randolph counties to meet the miners who were on a ridiculous "Coxey's march" [probably a group of the "crusaders" described above]. Also, men were called out of the mines in DuQuoin, Ill., guns placed in their hands, and they were rushed in automobiles to the Illinois Central depot to meet striking miners who were said to be on the train.

Mass terrorism was being employed in Illinois, even as the Cleveland convention sat. The following letters, among others, were given to organizers by those who had received them:

MARISSA, ILL., September 20.

DEAR DAD: The sheriff came down yesterday and took 13 more to jail, making 65 in all, all under $10,000 bonds. Men and their wives taken to jail and their children sent to the county farm. Mrs. Cowans' nursing baby taken away from her. Have just heard a remark that there never was such an outrage in the state of Illinois. Those women were in a sorry plight. They kept them here in jail one day without anything to eat except one sandwich and a cup of coffee. If there is any brotherhood among the miners now is the time to show it. Thompson and Hugh Green are also locked up, also Bill Lewis. I received a letter from Henry Erb and John King at DuQuoin, and both are guarded in their house and not allowed to go to the mine. Will close with love. Your wife,

ROSE NORTH.

BELLEVILLE, ILL., September 20.

GOMER DAVIS: After leaving Cleveland we all tried to return to work. I was not allowed to go to work and was told many others would not be allowed. I was sent to the superintendent by Steve Herbert, the pit boss. The superintendent told me the head of the officials ordered this done. He fired 84 men at the New Baden mine and said he had 82 to fire from Shilo, and he hadn't figured how many he had to fire from the other three mines, and gave me to understand he would close all the mines rather than put them back. The sheriff and six deputies went to New Athens yesterday and arrested 53 men and women, some of the women with babies at their breasts, and threw them in jail. I'll tell you, Gomer, it was the most terrible sight I ever saw. Bond of $8,900.00 was asked, and none of them could fill it. Yours truly,

EDWARD KEIGLEY.

While all this was going on there was a persistent attempt in the newspapers to place the Industrial Workers of the World behind the scenes. The I. W. W. agitator, fomenter of all trouble, was held up as the reason for what was going on. The explanation of this attempt is not hard to find. The I. W. W., born of certain industrial conditions, have openly adopted tactics of sabotage and direct action. These tactics have enabled the opposition to make it an "outlaw organization." If one can connect disquieting conditions in any field with an "outlaw organization," those conditions become a part of "outlawry" and justify suppression. But all the documents and first-hand information coming from the coal fields indicate the direct contrary. The I. W. W. are conspicuously absent. There are indications, however, of the active presence of what might be called an outside element. This is the Socialist Labor party. [The Socialist Labor party is entirely distinct from and should in no way be confused with the Socialist party or any of its offshoots.]

At the convention Farrington coupled the Socialist Labor party with the I. W. W. as the source of his troubles. In their reports of the convention most of the out-of-town newspapers mentioned only the I. W. W. The Cleveland newspapers, for obvious reasons, could not commit this sin of omission. For instance, *The Cleveland News*, in its write-up of September 15, reported: "Farrington branded the Illinois strike as the result of work of the Socialist Labor party and the I. W. W. agitators who planned to wreck the United Mine Workers of America." At another time Farrington read a letter from Irving W. Stevens, Illinois State secretary of the S. L. P., to substantiate his claims as to S. L. P. activity. At still another time J. Knapp of Orient, Ill., declared himself from the platform to be a Socialist Labor party man and defied anyone to deny him his constitutional right as an American to proclaim his political principles. The convention applauded with gusto. But the most convincing proof of the activity of the Socialist Labor party among the miners is contained in a letter from Farrington to James F. Burnett of DuQuoin, Ill. It appears from the contents of the letter that Burnett had written to Farrington for advice on the course of action to be pursued toward S. L. P. men among the miners. Farrington's reply, dated September 28, 1919, follows:

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER: Replying to your letter of recent date I advise that any member of the Miners Union belonging to the Socialist Labor Party is subject to expulsion from the Miners Union. The Socialist Labor Party is the parent organization of the Workers International Industrial Union and any member of the United Mine Workers of America belonging to the Socialist Labor Party is therefore guilty of belonging to a dual organization and is subject to expulsion from the United Mine Workers of America because of Section 2, Article 14, International Constitution and Section 28, Article 19, District Constitution. I trust this is the information you desire.

Farrington's logic is that of fear. To forbid men to affiliate with the S. L. P. because it advocated the W. I. I. U. is like forbidding them to join the Republican party because the latter has supported protective tariff associations.

The first step in the S. L. P. program of action was the publication and dissemination among the miners of a little pamphlet entitled "The Mines to the Miners." This was in the spring of this year. The pamphlet contains a stirring appeal to the miners to use their economic power and constitutional rights toward the creation of a new society. It gives in terse terms the historic background, the present situation, the economic evolution, and the immediate program of action of American and world labor. It furnishes even a rallying cry, "The Mines to the Miners," and "All the Tools of Production to All the People." Heber Blankenhorn in *The Nation* of September 27 remarked with something like surprise the strength of conviction behind the miners' demand for nationalization. "Wherever the miners have got the idea, it is fixed in their heads"; and again, "wherever their ideas came from—and they were not from the union's official journal." No doubt these ideas are in the air, but anyone who reads this pamphlet must feel that the miners drew some of their conviction from it. The pamphlet has gone through six English editions and has been translated into Italian, Hungarian, South Slavonian, Slovenian, and Bulgarian.

The particular kind of work the S. L. P. has been pursuing since June 22 has been especially fruitful. The apparent success of its propaganda, however, does not mean that the miners have subscribed to any "ism"—yet. For the party seems to have enough of an instinct for reality to appreciate that any successful struggle which can be waged by the miners at this stage of the game must take place within the confines of their present organization. And consequently the immediate program of action, which it proposes to them has been thus condensed:

Clean out the labor faker.

Put all power into the hands of the rank and file.

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Let no action of a convention become law until approved by referendum.

Let no officer chosen by a convention take office without referendum.

Make your organization an instrument for your own emancipation and for the emancipation of the entire working class from the slavery of wagedom.

Place your organization squarely upon a revolutionary basis by demanding that all the instruments of production shall go to all the people and let that include "The Mines to the Miners."

In the midst of this came the Cleveland convention. The events which mark this last phase in the development of the present situation are too recent to require much explanatory elaboration. The new force with which the miners put forth their demands, the nationalization plank, the wage and hour demands, the proposal for a dual alliance with the railroad workers, the political demands—all are well known to the public. The public is also slowly coming to know that the rather startling demand for a six-hour day and five-day week was made to obtain some means of spreading employment. Many miners were working the eight-hour day, but only for two days each week. The only point, perhaps, that needs some further explanation was the fight against seating the Illinois delegates. After a two-days' discussion seats were refused to the delegates of the twenty-five "insurgent unions" for their participation in an "unauthorized strike." Now the whole trouble in Illinois centered around the war agreement. Did the strikers commit a breach of contract? Their officials said "Yes." Then came the fight between the men and their officials which was the Cleveland convention. At its end, these very officials, who had fought their men for breaking their contract by strikes, delivered a strike ultimatum for November 1.

The bituminous coal strike which began on November 1 suggests many more things than appear on the surface. Certain facts have been coming to light of late that warn us to be chary in our estimates of strikes. Students of labor have long recognized that the pure and simple strike is a weapon with a kick to it. Not only are there times when the employers may profit by it, but there are also times when the employers may actually desire and foment it. There are also times when union officials may use strikes for purposes other than those of the men they represent. To illustrate, members of manufacturers' associations have recently been heard to welcome and hope for strikes. "The workers at present," they say in effect, "own savings accounts which have accrued to them from war prosperity. If they lose these savings in strikes, they will lose much of their independence with them. And then we will be able to deal with them." Mr. Michael Tighe has testified before a Senate Committee that the steel strike was called by American Federation of Labor officials practically to placate the restless members. As far as the coal strike is concerned, the officials who called the strike of November 1 were the very same who fought the Illinois locals for striking "in breach of contract." Now if the Illinois strikes were violations of contract, certainly the November 1 strike was a violation of violations. Then why this change of front on the part of officials? In the Federation manifesto of November 9 the officials imply that pressure from the men forced their action. Certainly there was bitterness enough among the miners to explain the demand for some kind of action. It seems possible, however, that the mine owners welcomed that particular form of action which is the strike.

Genung's Rhetoric

By GEORGE F. WHICHER

A LIFE of fruitful and unhurried scholarship closed with the sudden death on October 1 of John Franklin Genung, Professor Emeritus of Literary and Biblical Interpretation in Amherst College. One of a group of magnificent teachers who gathered round President Seelye in the early eighties and long remained the backbone of the faculty, Professor Genung was not himself an alumnus of Amherst. He graduated from Union College in 1870, prepared for the Baptist ministry at Rochester Theological Seminary, and after advanced studies in Hebrew and English literature at Leipzig gave himself devotedly to an academic career. Thenceforward as preacher, Biblical scholar, teacher, and literary critic, Professor Genung labored patiently and unremittingly to advance the love of God and the love of books. Though he always sought to efface himself before the masters whom he venerated, a nature genial to the core as his and trained to perceive laws of form in music, architecture, and poetry could not but penetrate the writings he interpreted. Warmed by his spirit the Book of Job became for many an inspiring epic of the soul's deliverance from bondage to the earth, the words of Koheleth revealed a message of cheery optimism, and even Dürer's Melancholia changed from a picture of despair to one of hope. Everything that came from his pen was the fruit of that ripe deliberation of which his life was the perfect model. The least scrap of his writing, even a notice to his classes, was certain to be engrossed in a beautiful script that made it a work of art. As a teacher Professor Genung never assumed that his students needed enlivenment. He took their interest in literature for granted —a compliment which the many exploited and only the few appreciated—and invited them to share with him the treasures of his reading. Consequently his influence was felt most deeply after it had become a memory. His retirement from teaching at the end of his thirty-fifth year of service brought with it no cessation of industry. Until the day of his death he was actively engaged in editing *The Amherst Graduates' Quarterly*, in preparing a Centennial History of the college, and in seeing through the press the last of his many studies of the Bible.

Although widely known for his interpretation of "In Memoriam," which brought him from Mrs. Tennyson the greeting, "Doubly welcome, Professor Genung. You understood him," and recognized as an authority in Biblical exegesis, it was as the author of "The Working Principles of Rhetoric" that Professor Genung's name was indelibly impressed upon the public. For the generation now coming into middle age the first sentence of this admirable textbook, "Rhetoric is the art of adapting discourse, in harmony with its subject and occasion, to the requirements of a reader or hearer," is probably as familiar as "Omnia Gallia est divisa." From an unfailing store of anecdotes Professor Genung loved to recall one illustrative both of the vogue of his "Rhetoric" and the awe which its thoroughness inspired. At an alumni dinner in Providence where Nungie was representing the college, a cub reporter looked in to get the names of the speakers. "Who's the one in spectacles and a gray beard?" he asked. "Genung." "Genung's 'Rhetoric'?" "Yes." "Well, *damn him!*"

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The Last Morning in the Country

By LEONORA SPEYER

Dawn slips within my room to say goodbye:
Buffeted, bruised by autumn storm
All night
While I lay sleeping, held to dreams and warm,
She comes from out the violated sky,
Dragging her tarnished light.

With dim leaves drooping, hanging all about
Her misty face, her eyes still wet,
She stands
Disconsolate beneath her veils—and yet
Bravely she spills one last bird's note from out
Her summer-empty hands!

Literature

"Impavidum Ferient Ruinae"

Heartbreak House, Great Catherine and Playlets of the War. By Bernard Shaw. Brentano's.

MR. H. L. MENCKEN in his sagacious "Prefaces" announces the discovery that Bernard Shaw is a purveyor of platitudes. What Mr. Mencken really means is that the ripe and disciplined intelligence of a tragically small minority has achieved some sort of contemporaneousness with Shaw's thinking and lacks only his articulateness. One wonders, nevertheless, whether Mr. Mencken has descended often enough from his dwelling place of intellectual aloofness and scorn to listen to the ordinary talk of people admittedly not illiterate on, let us say, the war, or the economic problems of the world, or art, or morals. It is not the least among the great qualities of Bernard Shaw that he knows what the world is like, that his has never been a fugitive and cloistered virtue, that he has never slunk out of the dust and heat of the race. And hence the evil days that have come upon us and that have tarnished so many escutcheons of the spirit have found him erect and incorruptible, the master of himself and of his mind. What one discerns, above all, in "Heartbreak House" is the rare and consoling vision of that just man of the Roman poet whom, tenacious of his purpose, neither the fury of citizens demanding evil things nor the countenance of a menacing tyrant has power to shake in his well-founded mind.

"All great truths," Shaw announces, "begin as blasphemies." He proceeds to utter in his own person the brave, necessary blasphemies of the moment concerning the delirium of war, the vulgar attack on Germany's share in the spiritual life of mankind, the true nature of the unspeakable peace. Truths of a more startling but also of a more permanent character he presents as having been arrived at through the living experience of people in the grip of the historic process. There is O'Flaherty, the Irish V. C., who dared not tell his mother that he was fighting with the English. "She says," he confides to the local squire and pillar of the Empire, "all the English generals is Irish. . . . She says we're the lost tribes of the house of Israel and the chosen people of God." The squire is puzzled and outraged. But O'Flaherty has, to all appearances, the soft answer that turneth away wrath: "Yes, sir, she's pig-headed and obstinate; there's no doubt about it. She's like the English; they think there's no one like themselves. It's the same with the Germans, though they're educated and ought to know better. You'll never have a quiet world till you knock the patriotism out of the human race." There is Annajanska, the Bolshevik empress in the exuberant intellectual farce of that name. Into the hopeless muddle of political authoritarians, vacillating between the orthodox sources of power, a king and a majority, she flings her electric perception of that reality from which she derives her right to act: "Some energetic and capable minority must always be in power. Well, I am on the side of the energetic minority whose principles I agree with. The Revolution is as cruel as we were, but its aims are my aims. Therefore I stand for the Revolution."

"Heartbreak House" was written before the war. It is the longest as well as the most important play in this volume. It is softer in tone than many of Shaw's plays; it is, for him, extraordinarily symbolistic in fable and structure; it has a touch of weariness under the unflagging energy of its execution. He had seen, more clearly perhaps than any other European, the inescapable shipwreck ahead. He saw a society divided between "barbarism and Capua" in which "power and culture were in separate compartments." "Are we," asks the half-mythical Captain Shotover, "are we to be kept forever in the mud by these hogs to whom the universe is nothing but a machine for greasing their bristles and filling their snouts?" His children and their friends played at love and art and even at theories of social reconstruction. Meanwhile the ship of state drifted. "The captain is in his bunk," Shotover declares further on, "drinking bottled ditch-water, and the crew is gambling in the forecastle." "We sit here talking," another character remarks, "and leave everything to Mangan [the capitalistic swindler] and to chance and to the devil." It is precisely the same reproach against pre-war Europe that Andreas Latzko expresses with such ringing intensity in "The Judgment of Peace." Shaw prophetically represents the great catastrophe as breaking in its most vivid and terrible form upon Heartbreak House. In the result of the symbolical air-raid he sounds a note of fine and lasting hope. The "two burglars, the two practical men of business" are blown to atoms. So is the parsonage. "The poor clergyman will have to get a new house." There is left the patient idealist who pities the poor fellows in the Zeppelin because they are driven toward death by the same evil forces; there are left those among the loiterers in Heartbreak House who are capable of a purging experience and a revolution of the soul. Thus before the war Shaw hoped against hope that after the days of the great upheaval of the world "the numskull" would not win. The playlets of the war itself are the records of his bitter disillusion. He remembers that Shakespeare compared man to an angry ape, that Swift rebuked the Yahoo with the superior virtues of the horse; and he sees an army that went forth to "destroy the militarism of Zabern" busy in Cologne "imprisoning every German who does not salute a British officer"; and sees the victors, their swelling moral phrases unsilenced, "starving the enemies who had thrown down their arms."

It is not to be expected that "Heartbreak House" will add to its author's fame and influence today. The people who admired his incisive thinking and his brilliant speech when both could be safely taken as fire-works in the void will not easily forgive his rending the veils of all their protective delusions. We shall be told, we are already being told, with a cunning and useful shirking of the issues, that Shaw is less of a playwright than ever, that these plays will not "play" (care being taken not to make the experiment), and that, at best, he is the easy jester shaking the negligible bells upon his pointed cap. The truth is, of course, that Shaw is a great comic dramatist who has, at times, followed the classical methods of comedy by confronting shams with realities, man's fraudulent gestures with his hidden self, but who, at other times, has invented the new method of presenting on the stage a battle of those naked ideas that struggle for mastery in the minds of men. His best plays quiver with dramatic life and play superbly before audiences who have risen to a perception of the overwhelming reality of their conflicts. To the supporters of melodrama and sentimental comedy they are meaningless. But what, in the whole world of art and thought, is not? "Heartbreak House" will not, it is possible, ultimately rank with Shaw's best work; it is worthy of all that is most memorable in his mind and art.

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Magdalen

Madeleine: An Autobiography. Harper and Brothers.

THIS is a unique record of seventeen years of a woman's life spent largely in houses of prostitution in the United States and Canada, not as a social worker, but as an inmate earning her daily living by the customary barter. Judge Ben B. Lindsey has written an introduction to the book pleading for a saner treatment of the "disease" of prostitution; for a method of reform that will slay the sin and emancipate the sinner. That the "oldest profession" has thus far yielded no personal document of any considerable significance in literature is not strange. That sordor of civilization is a soil most unfavorable to the nurture of the intellectual faculties or the growth of æsthetic emotions. It is clear that the author of "Madeleine" was an anomaly in her chosen calling from the very beginning. But the interrogation "How could she develop in those ghastly backwashes of human nature?" lurches out at us from every page. Surely she must have tilled her mental life to some purpose even while she plied her stultifying trade; but probably, one is tempted to say, she did most of her intellectual house-cleaning in the intervals when she was free from the sinister servitude of the Paphian Venus. At any rate that she did it at all is an amazing thing.

She begins her narrative with an account of an early girlhood blighted by poverty and social isolation. The picture darkens upon her seduction by a careless sower whose seed fructifies in a distant city to which Madeleine has gone to work in a factory. Pregnancy forces her out of her position into dire poverty, then into clandestine prostitution. To a recognized house of ill fame it is now but a step and she takes it falteringly; but finding the "madame" a benevolent old lady instead of a harpy, and the girls kindly and human, she accepts her new life with tolerable grace until the arrival of her still-born child. She then leaves the house, but subsequently enters another when a crisis in the family fortunes demands larger earnings than she can make at a respectable calling. Presently her family discover the nature of her occupation, and cast her off. From this time on she dwells in the tenements of many Babylons, her career closing at last while she is a proprietress in Canada. Here her regeneration strangely comes through her renunciation of drink in the presence of a priest who persuades her to renounce prostitution as well. This ends the autobiography. Rumor says that the woman has died since the publication of her book.

The facts which "Madeleine" presents are well enough known to a generation ridden with vice commission reports and victimized by the "white slave" myth; these facts, however, are intensely humanized by the spectacle of a woman who has captured our interest and sympathy moving familiarly among them. The narrative flows swiftly and discreetly from beginning to end. There is no over-emphasis upon the unpleasant or the morbid, no hysterics, no banal sentimentalism. The chief personages dealt with in the book are clear-cut silhouettes. The three "madames" are unforgettable; there is Miss Laura, "the stately Southern aristocrat," she of the motherly advice, whose great ambition was to make girls comfortable; Madame C, the French Canadian, most typical of the underworld, bejeweled, gorgeous in heavy velvet, suave and avaricious, "giving a friendly pat alike to the girls and to the customers, while the other itching palm reached eagerly forth to clutch their money"; and the austere Lizzie Allen, dressed in stiff brocade, smiling her "wintry smile" and resembling a prim matron of some orphan asylum. Madeleine herself, as revealed in the autobiography, is marked by a dignified restraint which never gives way to the introspective bitterness or hysterical self-pity which one might expect. However, she is far from being a mere passive spectator of the dark forces which blast her life. She cries out in anguish again and again at the extraordinary price she is forced to pay; but this woe of hers never descends to diffuse ravings and melodramatic posturing. She is alive to the weaknesses in her character and refuses to proffer a deterministic apology for her moral delinquency. She is most bitter perhaps in the passages which condemn a far too numerous class of social-uplift workers who preach the charity of the Crucified One, and then stoop for a stone to fling. It is these "reformers for revenue only," she says, who from stage and pulpit, press and platform promulgate the great "white slave" lie. Her denial of the existence of a "white slave" traffic is interesting: "The one girl I never met in all these years and in all the cities and the countries that I visited was the pure girl who had been trapped and violated and sold into slavery and held a prisoner unable to effect her escape—the so-called 'white slave.'" But doubtless the myth will long survive; in such matters experts are not always listened to.

As one lays the autobiography aside it is with a keen feeling of disappointment that the author has not chosen to trace the steps by which she regains her spiritual sovereignty. Because she has enlisted our respect and sympathy we desire with no peeping curiosity to share with her the difficulties that besiege her ascent. But she bids us farewell upon the threshold of her new life. She hints very plainly that her efforts at rehabilitation were almost frustrated by the persistent persecution of one of "the unco guid." We long for graphic detail. Surely we need more concrete examples of such "goodness" to fling at the smug creeds of the upliftless uplifters—the very kind who will doubtless see in this instructive and most deterrent book something evil and dangerous.

A New Church History

A History of the Christian Church. By Williston Walker. Charles Scribner's Sons.

A HISTORY of the Christian Church in six hundred pages is a very difficult thing to write and it is still more difficult to win the approval of historians for it after it is written. A history of the Church—or of the world—compressed into a single volume justifies itself if it be a mere compendium of facts and dates like Ploetze's "Epitome of Universal History" or if it be a philosophical interpretation from a novel point of view like Rudolf Sohm's "Grundriss der Kirchengeschichte." One makes a convenient book of reference; the other may be read with profit by scholar or layman. But brief histories that are neither the one nor the other—their name is legion, their value often problematical. The prejudice created by an examination of many such books is happily lessened, if not altogether removed, by Professor Walker's volume. It is without question the best book of its kind in English and is justly fitted to supersede the work of the author's predecessor in the Yale School of Religion, Professor George P. Fisher, whose "Church History" in a single volume was long in use in various institutions. It is not only more modern, as might be expected, but it is also a great advance upon the older book in convenience of arrangement and clarity of statement. It is, in fact, an admirable text-book and a genuinely creditable piece of work by a scholar of high standing. The well-selected bibliography appended to the volume adds greatly to its value as a guide to further studies.

While the work cannot claim to exhibit fresh insights, original interpretations, illuminating combinations, the results of modern scholarship are utilized and the soundness and accuracy of the author's learning are abundantly manifest. Its fitness for use in the class-room is probably enhanced by the excessive multiplication of brief chapters or sections, of which there are no fewer than one hundred and thirteen, but continuity of presentation has thus been sacrificed to the convenience of the student, and it is difficult to gather from the book a view of the development of the Christian movement as a whole. The difficulty is only increased by the great wealth of material which the author has seen fit to introduce. For some purposes this

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is unquestionably a merit, but for others a defect, and in the reviewer's opinion the work would have been more valuable, even as a text-book, and certainly as a history of Christianity, if the needed brevity had been obtained by more rigorous selection rather than by so great compression.

The author is evidently more at home in the later than in the earlier period. The account of the Reformation and of the generations following is excellent, while the early Church is handled somewhat less adequately and with less of sympathetic understanding. The results of modern investigation, to be sure, are studiously taken account of even here, but they have failed to effect so complete a transformation of the traditional picture as they should have done. An example of this is the early section on the Catholic Church. The formation of creed and canon is there referred to but in so casual a way that the reader would hardly suspect that the change involved therein was the most momentous in the entire history of the Church. Similarly Section viii on Gentile Christianity of the Second Century is surprisingly meagre and insufficient and when contrasted with the previous section on the Interpretation of Jesus, which is three times as long, reveals a survival of interests and ways of looking at things that were born in the theological controversies of other days and ought to be finally abandoned. On the other hand, the brevity of the chapter on the persecutions is a decided merit. The dramatic quality attaching to them led most of the older writers to give them a disproportionate amount of space, with the effect of exaggerating their significance beyond all reason. In connection with the same period too little attention is paid to the influence of the mystery cults and kindred religious phenomena and too much to Greek philosophy, quite in the style of the older writers; and the statement on page 8, "The lowest point in popular religious feeling in the Roman empire corresponds roughly to the time of the birth of Christ," betrays a singular lack of appreciation of the actual situation.

But it would be ungracious and would give a wrong impression of the sterling merit of Professor Walker's volume to multiply criticisms in this brief review. Rather it should be said in conclusion that American teachers of Church History are to be congratulated upon being able to refer their students —and the general public—to a brief book in every respect so far in advance of any they have had before.

Ireland and England

Ireland and England in the Past and at Present. By Edward Raymond Turner. The Century Company.

WITH the laudable desire of pouring oil upon the Irish sea of troubles, Professor Turner has prepared an irenic primarily for American opinion, but intended also to influence that of the nations involved. If soft, emollient words, sweet reasonableness, a desire to be fair to both sides, and a style with all the virtues but none of the soporific qualities of an anodyne could ever heal an ancient, festering sore, his book would prove the adequate solution of the problem. Of course he has hardly expected to do so much; for the very real contribution he has made to the subject let us be duly thankful and not ask for the impossible.

While the author is studiously correct in his presentation of Ireland's case, and while he forces himself to be kind even to the leaders of the Dublin rebellion, it is plain that his whole sympathies are strong with England. "With the exception of France, perhaps, there is no people in mediæval and modern times which has developed so finely as the English or contributed richer gifts to mankind." Everything English is eulogized; even her Puritan wars "were among the best and noblest civil wars ever fought." So, perhaps, the oppression of Ireland has been one of the best and noblest oppressions; but some of us do not care for civil war or oppression at all. Even so the Mad Hatter waxed indignant when he found butter would not make his watch go, though he had been careful to procure "the best butter." Butter, however, is not the proper lubricant for clockworks, nor are civil wars, excellent though their quality, the best way to make a people happy and contented.

But, it may be argued, Ireland's wrongs are a thing of the past; for a long time she has been not the Cinderella but the spoiled child of the United Kingdom. Land laws, religious freedom, disestablished church—what more could she want? True, her population has declined from over eight millions in 1840 to little more than half that in 1910, while the neighboring island has been growing by leaps and bounds, but this is due to "natural causes." In short, it is Ireland's interest to be ruled from London, and this rule must be good for her because "the British Empire is one of the best and most beneficent organizations in the world." England's crimes in the past are admitted, but her character in the present is lauded. It is the old expedient of all lawyers: when the defendant has no alibi, no explanation of the facts, no evidence to offer on the crime as charged, witnesses are called to testify to his character, and they rarely fail to make him out as one of the best and noblest of mankind.

One of the strongest arguments for Irish self-determination is that her case is beyond argument; it is not a matter of interest with her, but of old loyalty and sentiment stronger than death. Has Professor Turner ever visited the forlorn land of which he writes? Has he ever felt the weird sense of "old, unhappy, far-off things" that broods over the land like a mist? The Irish are still fighting Cromwell and William III. The people are fey with their ancient heart-break; the eyes of the poor cannot look at the stranger frankly and more; they will not answer him what they think but what they fancy he wants them to say. Blarney in America passes for a delightful, trivial insincerity; in Munster it is the curse of a race that dares not speak its own thoughts, but ponders them in the heart until the mind is crazed with sorrow and want.

And how the pent-up fury bursts out now and then! The reviewer once saw such an explosion on the occasion of the celebration of the Battle of the Boyne. Ireland is the only place in the world where one section of the population annually crows over another section on the strength of a battle fought two centuries before. On this particular occasion (1907) the Orangemen paraded into church and the canon (a charming man and the reviewer's host) preached flamboyantly on the great "deliverance from Rome." Then the visitor was taken through one of the Belfast factories by a titled owner, and he saw the grinding poverty of the workers and the wild look in the women's eyes. And as he was motoring with the owner through the streets that very day the Nationalist mob turned out and stoned the automobile and started a riot. The next day soldiers were hurried from England; they fired on the mob and killed and wounded some and drove the rest back to the factories. And this is the government of Ireland that Professor Turner is satisfied with.

The question remains, what to do about it? There are just two theories of government: to give people what they want or to give them "what is good for them"—which means, what *you* want. If England must keep Ireland against her will for strategic reasons—for this is Professor Turner's final argument—England will have a perpetual enemy in her own house, and Ireland will be condemned to live forever in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Professor Turner's scholarship is in general so accurate that a few mistakes stand out all the more prominently. George W. Russell usually signs his name "Æ." not "A.E." Most people, we venture to think, are not "convinced that the Bolsheviki are in German pay" (p 426). "The decree Motu Proprio" (p. 279) is not a special breve but the name of a class of breves. "People pledged themselves in a covenant like their ancestors had done once" (p. 260) is not good English.

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Books in Brief

OUR first great American mayor—Josiah Quincy of Boston—laid down a century ago the principles that make the mayor's office vital and effective. A decade ago it appeared that the tendency of cities to concentrate increased power in the mayor was only less marked than the tendency of the States to entrust more and more authority to the Governor; but as Russell McCulloch Story says in "The American Municipal Executive" (University of Illinois), just as the office had become of established value in city government, an assault from a new quarter in a few years carried more than 500 cities under another form of executive control. However, the commission plan has operated to purify and strengthen mayoral government in cities which, retaining the old form, have been taught valuable lessons by the new one. Three-fourths of Mr. Story's work is given up to the executive under the old-style mayor-and-council government, and the rest to a rather inadequate treatment of the mayor-commissioner and the city-manager. The volume is conventionally planned but well written, and contains a thorough marshalling of dry facts upon the legal and political qualifications required of the mayor, his administrative powers, and his legislative powers. Two further chapters on The Mayor and Politics, and The Personality of the Mayor, though somewhat disappointing in their want of definite conclusions, are valuable illustrations of how much writings on city government will always gain by concrete illustrations drawn from the history of our cities. In treating of politics, Mr. Story takes the view that partisanship may be maintained to have decreased in American city affairs. It is still much in the saddle, but every new victory of a Mitchel or Blankenburg, every such incident as Taft's support of Dempsey (though a Democrat) in Cincinnati in 1905, every achievement of a non-partisan following by men like Brand Whitlock and Tom L. Johnson, steadily weakens it. Mr. Story is right in saying that, despite reactions and losses, "the city rarely slips back into conditions as bad as they were before, nor the elector into the smug complacency or preoccupation which characterized him before being aroused." In his study of mayoral personalities, Mr. Story illustrates from the careers of prominent men like Mitchel, Gaynor, Blankenburg, McClellan, Jones, and Johnson, and from others less well known, as Rolph, Vance McCormick, and Henry T. Hunt, the qualities required to give a man a grip upon his people and the potentialities of his office.

PLANTING spies by aeroplane in an enemy territory is a practice almost too new for fiction, to say nothing of biography. The account of Lieut. Camillo De Carlo in "The Flying Spy" (Dutton) nevertheless relates the adventures of one so planted. It comes to the reader with an endorsement by Major General Guglielimotti and attestations that every event can be validated by papers in Government possession! The extraordinary nature of the record might require some corroboration. Dropped at night by a Caudron bomber at the edge of a lighted Austrian flying field, Lieut. De Carlo is to report by ground signals and carrier pigeons to Italian headquarters, and is later to be picked up and carried back in the manner of his coming after he has obtained all the information possible concerning Austrian strength and plans. The locality in which he works is near his own home. Naturally the circumstances afford splendid opportunity for an exciting record, and the story actually cedes nothing in interest to a novel. A keen observer, Lieutenant De Carlo has given to his accounts of suffering Italian peasants and insolent Austrian gendarmes, to his accounts of disguise, arrest, and hiding, of waits on hot brushy hillsides and scrambles through starlit Piave marshes, a remarkable reality. Perhaps the most dramatic passage of the book is that describing his re-entry in disguise into his own home. Here, as in other places, appears an unconscious rendering of the Italian attitude and feeling which, delicately and artistically done, will be appreciated for its quality by every American reader.

Drama

A Certain Playwright

EMERGING from the lower East Side, he made his first appearance on the campus of a well-known university. The emaciated little figure in rough, baggy clothes seemed even then but a passing accident that would soon yield to the natural breadth and sturdiness befitting a mind so vigorous and resolute. In a flat almost unmodelled face one saw, first and last, the small, dark, indomitable eyes that could melt into kindliness or harden into a militant shrewdness. There was not a shred of affectation about him and the lock of hair that slanted across his forehead marked him as an intellectual. He meant to write plays—plays that would get on. He had already contracts of some sort with casual purveyors of vaudeville material and he let you know with a grim and almost contemptuous good humor that your pleasant idealisms would get you exactly nowhere. He studied the great dramatists of several literatures. He had both the mind and the humanity to understand their virtues. But these, he informed you, were remote and impossible. A teacher of deep personal strength, drenched in the stream of reality, unattenuated by academic repression and refinement, might have stirred him. He met none such and listened with mild approval to the blithe, learned, and immensely accomplished gentleman whose notions, despite a flourishing of great names and works, were at bottom identical with his own. It is at this point that his story begins to broaden in meaning. The university taught him many things, but it produced in him no inner change. It had, in no deep sense, held him, and he turned—you could almost see the doggedness of his attack—to crash through the obstacles that arose between himself and Broadway. He disappeared from view into a half-murky, half-garish world of vaudeville sketches and of small collaborations with tinselled semi-celebrities of the stage. According to his own notion he was mastering his chosen craft in the only possible way.

He mastered it. He crushed the obstacles. But it took him fourteen years. Of those years no direct knowledge is available. But our friend's deliberately direct gestures both of mind and body had never quite concealed a lurking sensitiveness of the spirit. Perhaps he attempted to write more truly and nobly than his theories warranted, and indeed got nowhere; perhaps such experiences caused him to harden both his temper and his methods the more rigorously. One can easily divine moments of half-success and moments of empty despair. Both were but spurs to his tireless energy. Suddenly, from any public point of view—at last, of course, from his own—he burst with quite unparalleled resoundingness upon the living stage. At the end of a single season he had three popular successes of the first order to his credit. The houses were thronged, road companies started West and South; a golden flood poured in on him. He was to be seen everywhere. Managers, actors, fellow playwrights treated him with a caressing familiarity. You could see him in a box at first nights, now broad and stocky and more than ever full of strength and tenacity. But the flat face was lined and almost scarred here and there, and the clever, kindly eyes passed from satisfaction to melancholy. For, strange to say, the critics held out against him, and he, a man of scholarly training and hidden sensitiveness, shivered amid the heat of his success. He wanted them on his side. Were they not always ready to praise work upon no higher plane than his own? He was, to be sure, writing down to the taste of the largest and least discriminating public. But so was everybody else. Only he did it more effectively, with a hard, merciless, almost brutal knowledge of human weakness and fatuity. The public wept at his first piece, were thrilled by his second, laughed with him at his third. He had conquered the stage of his own day and country, as his old teacher had bidden him to do; he did well what everybody else was trying to do and usually did ill. But the critics jeered. Perhaps they were irritated by

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the very assurance of the steely cleverness with which, especially in his third piece, he played upon the showy hypocrisy and hidden wantonness of his wretched audiences; perhaps they rebelled against the too terribly calculated succession of falsely tense moments in his second. The fact remains. And, as that first magnificent season of his progressed, he grew sombre over the situation in which he found himself—successful by all the avowed standards of his profession and yet denied any ultimate recognition besides his profits—and once, at least, broke out in irritation and anger.

How deeply he felt that situation soon became clear. The first play of his second season told his own story and symbolized his own defense. A group of college seniors meet on graduation night and discuss their future. Their confidence in themselves and in each other is boundless. By common consent one among them, the poet and idealist, is doomed always to fail and to depend upon his friends for his worldly welfare. At the end of three years they meet and, as it is easy to suspect, the soaring hopes have all gone under and the friends have only humiliating confessions to make. At the last moment the poet comes in. He alone has conquered the world; he alone is rich. He has not written poetry, to be sure. He is, indeed, a garbage king. But he alone, to whom material things meant least, has beaten the world at its own vile game. He, too, it becomes clear as the play goes on, has not only conquered circumstances, but, secure in the riches of his own mind, has the magnanimity to cast aside the wealth which was so easy to get and is now so hard to respect.

The play failed. No critic saw the personal meaning or the pathos of the fable. None suspected an apologue. Nor were the critics to be blamed. For the idea of the play had no embodiment that was worthy of it. Our friend had learned no new methods in a single summer by which to project dramatically the realities of his own soul. Characters, incident, mechanism were of the old insufferable hollowness and artifice. Only the cold dexterity, the unscrupulous theatrical skill—these were lacking. The man, laying bare his heart, had ruined the playwright, like a king who should put off his official costume and no longer look like a king.

On the second night of the play's brief run he stood in the vestibule of the theatre, gesticulating with his short, thick arms. The reviews that morning had been contemptuous to the point of ferocity. "Did you see the papers?" he cried. "What's the use of writing honestly, of giving them good stuff? What's the use?" The ushers were putting out the lights in the theatre, the audience had melted away, even the vestibule grew dim. He continued to stand in the shadow, expostulating with vigor, with characteristic tenacity, yet with a strange and almost boyish helplessness of appeal. What was one to tell him? That his whole art must be born again? That he must forget all he had slowly learned, all his own resolves? That he must return to early memories or purely human impressions and write as simply as though he had never known a theatre? That collaboration, despite misleading examples in another age, is the death of true art, which must arise, like prayer, from the lonely chambers of the soul? That his powerful intelligence, his generous gifts, his wide knowledge would avail him nothing without a shifting of his whole vision of man and life and art? He turned at last to go, thrusting his broad shoulders forward with a movement half of disgust, half of determination. His whole body, in its vigorous expressiveness, seemed to say that never had the futile absurdity of his inmost self with its sounder impulses become more clear. He walked up the dark alley beside the theatre on his way to the players' rooms and disappeared. He will pass, in all likelihood, from one loud success to another and, amid the plaudits of the crowd and the wealth of the years, hide ever more guardedly the undying ache in his own soul.

L. L.

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Music

Three Violinists

WE have grown so accustomed to regard music as a peg upon which to hang our emotions, and to hear it translated into those terms, that we are no longer able to understand it in any other language. And so, when once more it is presented to us in the absolute purity of its conception, its beauty seems as strange and incomprehensible as the Christ spirit undefiled by the human. For this reason, a Kreisler or an Elman will always be better understood than a Heifetz, for the first two speak to us in a tongue that is familiar, while the last uses words that have long been forgotten. There was an excellent opportunity to notice this recently in their recitals, which followed so closely one upon the other. Kreisler, for instance, was making his first appearance after the two years of exile he had imposed upon himself when public sentiment ran so high against his native country; and the ovation he received, the warmth of the applause, was more than a tribute and a welcome to the man—it denoted a certain joy of possession in the artist. With the first note, one felt that comfortable atmosphere that emanates from the mutual understanding between a musician and his audience. With Kreisler this atmosphere is intensified, because his art is so much an idealization of those primal feelings shared by all. Even his programs denote this; for while the first half is usually devoted to the early classics, like the Tartini Sonata in G-minor, Vivaldi's C-minor Concerto, and the lovely Viotti Concerto in A-minor which he played at his re-début, and which require dignity and grace as well as tenderness and nobility, the other half is, as a rule, typically Viennese in its gayety, its sweetness, its sensuousness of color and rhythm. To this, Kreisler's own compositions form no small part of the contribution, and because they contain so much of that human essence that wins him instant recognition, they will doubtless live long in violin repertoire.

Heifetz, on the other hand, plays to us from the mountain top. He has the remote air of one who isolates himself mentally from his surroundings, and is so impersonal on the platform that he seems to merge into the fiddle in his hands—the whole a sort of singing instrument of flesh and wood. In him genius has reached such full and natural expression that it is almost disembodied. He gives us not an interpretation but an evocation of what the composer has heard, bare of technical adornment. This is why, sometimes, it is complained that his art lacks depth, and that it does not always embrace the mysticism that pervades certain compositions of the day. This complaint has been made of his recent performance of the César Franck Sonata in A-major. As a matter of fact, this sonata, which is probably the greatest modern work of its kind, has not an ounce of mysticism in it. Those who know Franck's life as well as his compositions will find in both more of Jehovah than of Buddha. Heifetz has found this truth, and he has revealed it as no other artist has hitherto done.

Such a flowing perfection of sound comes from a plane inhabited only by youthful purity. Schubert's Ave Maria, under Heifetz's bow, takes on quite a different meaning from Elman's conception. The one delivers it as a spiritual message, and sustains it by a length of line and chastity of tone that are unmistakable in their intent; the other, by his broken phrasing, his quivering vibrato, his general restlessness, even in his bodily movements, indicates a soul that is still racked with earthly desires.

This frequent distortion in Elman's work is not so much due to a lack of musicianship, as his critics would have us believe, as to a certain fundamental quality, which, while it will always draw him an audience, will always stain his art: namely, that peculiarly concentrated passion which he infuses into his playing. But passion will never assimilate, and even Elman's genius can make it no more than a tortured cry of pain that burns and thrills and ravishes the senses, and scars whatsoever it touches. In the last analysis, this is not music so much as it is desire translated into sound.

It is impossible to compare Heifetz's art with Elman's, just as it is impossible to compare spirit with matter. One has the eternal aspect of a snow-clad peak, ever reaching toward the sky, chaste and serene in expression, vitalizing in its breath. The other is like a smoldering volcano, erupting spasmodically into a wild splendor, only to sink still deeper into its ashes. Whether it burns itself out remains yet to be seen. In spite of Elman's genius, and in spite of his approaching maturity, he has never advanced beyond the prodigy stage. It is as though this same fire, in the intensity of its flame, had consumed some higher qualities that make for greatness. Elman embodies in his art all the Orientalism of his race, in his tone all its voluptuousness; while Heifetz seems to have sprung from its very heart: that heart nourished for centuries by tears and by those ironies that sear and purify the soul. To talk with Heifetz we must climb to dizzy heights. Yet what he tells us may be only an echo from another sphere. H. S.

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International Relations Section

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GENEA, OHIO

Allied Diplomacy in Hungary

By H. N. BRAILSFORD

IN the days of the wars of religion there were casuists who maintained that a good Catholic need not keep faith with heretics. That easy morality reappears wherever the fissure in human society cuts to the bottom. The recent history of Russia and Hungary suggests that our middle class world, in its defensive struggle against a new idea, holds itself free to break faith with Communists. The armistice agreement under which Hungary laid down its arms at the end of the World War contained a definite pledge that the Entente would abstain from interference in its internal affairs. It was, none the less, a violent external intervention which overthrew the Soviet régime. That there was internal discontent is certainly true. No one would dispute that there were in Budapest, and still more in the country, groups and classes which would have preferred, some a monarchy and open reaction, others a liberal republic, but it was not these groups which overthrew Béla Kun. He fell because the armies of Rumania, the one genuinely feudal monarchy left surviving in Eastern Europe, had marched into the suburbs of Budapest.

From first to last in the brief history of this Soviet Republic the vigilant hostility of the Allies never abated. Against Germany the blockade was so far modified that food could be purchased from abroad in the last week of March. Austria was entirely relieved from blockade in April. Against Hungary it was enforced in all its rigor until the news reached Paris that Béla Kun had resigned. From April onwards, the Big Four hurled one after another of its neighbors against the outlawed Republic. There was, indeed, a moment where it seemed that this persecution might cease. The Red Army had won a series of remarkable victories against the Czecho-Slovaks. It had occupied two-thirds of Slovakia; the Slovaks were forming their own Soviet Republic; in France and Italy the Socialists were organizing a general strike. For a moment the Big Four lapsed into moderation, and a Note from Paris invited Béla Kun to withdraw from the occupied territory, in return for which he was promised the conclusion of a definite peace. No sooner had he complied, than the Note was disavowed, and explained away as a "clerical error." Then only, when he realized that Paris would never conclude peace with a Soviet Republic, did Béla Kun renew the conflict, this time against his other neighbor, Rumania, which, in violation of the armistice, was in occupation of some counties beyond the river Theiss, inhabited by a purely Magyar population. It was the desperate act of a man who had been taught that nothing was to be gained by moderation. This time the Red Army, outnumbered by two to one, was broken in the field, and the Rumanians drove it back to Budapest. A further detail of bad faith remained to be completed. While one Red Army was still intact and still in appearance formidable, the commissioners of the Western Allies in Vienna began to negotiate with the more moderate Right Wing Social Democrats in the Socialist-Communist combination, which formed the Soviet Government. An agreement was reached. If Béla Kun and the Left Wing would resign, if the moderate Socialists who succeeded to power would summon a Constituent Assembly, the Allies would lift the blockade, recognize the Hungarian Republic and conclude with it a definite peace. These adroit tactics succeeded. The Socialist party was divided: Béla Kun resigned, and a moderate Socialist Ministry was formed under M. Peidl and Pvoksvon Agoston, with the Vienna programme. It lived for less than a week. The Rumanian army marched into Budapest, and flung the moderate leaders into prison, started a general hunt of the "Reds" in which at least three hundred were slaughtered, and then summoned their creature, the Hapsburg Archduke Joseph, to power. This chapter of history would make easier reading if we had found it in the records of the Holy Alliance. Today the Big Four fight socialism as the leagued emperors fought liberalism a hundred years ago. They keep no faith with outlaws.

Our rulers are waging war upon an idea with hunger, blockades, and tanks. By these means they evade an intellectual decision. The socialist experiment, if at this first trial it should be destined to succumb, will fail not by its own deficiency, nor yet because of the frailties of human nature. It will be defeated (if in the first round it is destined to defeat) solely as the mechanical consequence of military events. We do not even know, thanks to these tactics, how far communism could have retained the allegiance of the Hungarian masses. They welcomed it last March with enthusiasm. It came as a new hope amid the ruins of their world. The old order was morally and materially bankrupt. The old parties and the old catchwords, the accepted beliefs and the venerable megalomanias had all of them gone down in the disaster of defeat. Imperialism, with all the crudity of its racial and class egoism, had at least given a meaning to life for the dominant Magyar caste. Its collapse created a moral vacuum. If society were not to dissolve, men must find a new stimulus in a fresh creative effort. Thus it was that communism came, not to the disinherited alone, as a fresh hope and a heroic challenge to action. To defeated Hungary as to defeated Russia it opened the gates of the future. What impressed me most, when I saw it in the early honeymoon period in April, was the astonishing popularity of the revolution among the younger men and women of education. The women in particular who

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were seeking work as teachers, musicians, or translators were agreeably surprised to discover that they had a value in the labor market. In the streets great crowds of workingmen gave way to wild enthusiasm when the actors and singers of the socialized theatres recited poems and sang in honor of a revolution which had commandeered all the arts in its service.

In the three months that have passed since I saw Budapest in this happy mood, I can well believe that there must have been some change. They were months of almost incessant warfare against the satellites of the Big Four, and the blockade was tightened as never before. During the war, in spite of our naval blockade, a big continental area was open to Hungarian trade. It could exchange with half of Europe and that the more productive half. Since October it had been shut up within the petty area of the plain around Budapest. Even so, it need not have lacked the most necessary foods. But it had no iron, next to no coal, no cotton, and no flax. The industries of the big city, swollen by refugees to twice its normal population, were almost at a standstill for lack of raw materials. The consequence was that while the country still produced food, the town had nothing to give in exchange. The blockade, in effect, was pushed up to the very gates of the city. The intention was, of course, to discredit communism as a system of ruin and starvation. A people by these tactics of external pressure has been robbed of its right of self-determination. Not even if the ruler who finally replaces Béla Kun (be it the Archduke or another) should, by a miracle, allow free elections under universal suffrage, for the first time in Hungarian history, would the vote reveal the real mind of this people towards socialism. If it were, by a supreme act of daring, to vote for the recall of Béla Kun from exile, what then would be its fate? No peace. No recognition. No trade. The Big Four have decreed that henceforth in Europe a vote for any radical form of socialism is a vote for the blockade.

The story of what Béla Kun and his friends attempted, and in part achieved, remains none the less a record of amazing energy and faith. The destructive side of it was already accomplished when I saw Budapest. That the ownership by a limited class of a people's capital, with all the power that possession entails, can disappear in a night, and vanish by the signature of a few decrees, is a miracle hard to realize without the actual experience. A sudden catastrophic change so immense as this would have been impossible without the preparation of defeat. It was the last of a series of earthquake shocks, and it produced less outward disturbance than it would otherwise have done, because men's nerves were already blunted. The Hapsburg dynasty had vanished; the Dual Monarchy had split into fragments; the aristocratic caste which had ruled Hungary was already powerless. The last change of all was in the same series; the nobleman no longer owned his lands; the capitalist no longer directed his factory. What impressed me most forcibly was that the old routine of life went on with so little disturbance. There was perfect order in the streets, for the usual tendency to plunder, which shows itself in the early days of all revolutions, had been sharply and promptly repressed. Béla Kun is emphatically a man of order. On one promenade beside the Danube the youth of Budapest sunned itself as usual, and in the socialized theatres crowded houses listened to translations of Bernard Shaw. The factories worked as usual, when coal and raw material could be found, and in the fields the peasant's life went as punctually as the sun.

Private ownership in the means of production had ceased, but in point of fact there was the minimum of disturbance among the expert directors of labor. The capitalist who had been a mere financier retired into obscurity, but the capitalist who really knew the technical processes of manufacture was retained as manager or expert at the maximum salary. In the country it mattered little that the absentee landlord had ceased to draw his rents: his steward, usually a graduate of an agricultural college, continued as the delegate of the Soviets to direct the work of the farm. There was in Hungary no attempt at sabotage by the "intellectuals," as there had been in Russia. From the first the Communist Government did its utmost to reassure them and enlist their enthusiasm in its service. There were six university lecturers among the thirty commissioners who formed the Executive. Many of the most popular novelists, composers, and singers placed their talents at the disposal of the new idea, and some of the most popular literary men of Hungary preached it in articles and poems in the daily press. There were few signs of the vindictive passions which sometimes degrade a class struggle, but if there was any tendency towards harsh measures, it was only the drones and the idle receivers of rent and profit who suffered. From the first the Soviet Republic honored talent, and its most ambitious schemes were for the promotion of education. The wretched drudges who taught in the country schools heard with amazement that they were to receive the maximum salary, no less than the commissioners themselves.

Such social measures have their importance. They were, above all, educative. For the first time a doctrine professed for a generation as theory was exhibited in action. The real test of any socialist system lies, however, in a more difficult field. With competition ended, and the stimulus of profit making withdrawn, can production be effectively organized? Are our social instincts and the pleasure of work well done for the common good, strong enough to induce men and women to work as efficiently as they will work from the fear of hunger and the hope of gain? The experiment was not attempted on rigidly academic lines. Salaries were graded according to the skill and responsibility of the worker. Special rewards were promised for inventions and exceptional services. The adoption of piece-rates and the Taylor system was under consideration. Even so the breach with past habits and customary motives was almost absolute, and the transition under the best conditions must have been anxious.

The Allies saw to it that the transition should be made under intolerable conditions. Without coal and raw materials, industry had no chance; without industry there could be no normal exchange between town and country. These months of war and blockade were a period of economic chaos and acute suffering, and no clean test was possible of a communistic system of production. Where it could, however, be set fairly in motion, I believe it worked well. I saw one of the few industries which could produce regularly—a big and admirably organized factory for the making of telephone and telegraph apparatus and electric bulbs. There was no disorganization; on the contrary the output had increased since the revolution, and the workers were proud of their skill, and boasted that they worked better and more happily because they no longer worked for "an exploiter." The same conditions prevailed on the vast "socialized" estates of expropriated nobles, which I visited in the country. They had always been well managed, and though there had been no

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time to introduce improvements, there had certainly been no decline in the standard of cultivation. In the central offices, however, of the rural Soviets, there was a ferment of activity, and already architects, engineers and agricultural experts were designing the most far-reaching improvements and economies. I could not talk to the simple Magyar peasant and laborer, and hesitate to dogmatize about his state of mind, but undoubtedly these young engineers and graduates in agriculture were full of zeal and determined to work their hardest.

The real problem for communism in Hungary lay in dealing with the intensely conservative peasantry. The poorer peasants are illiterate; the richer peasants have the farmer's normal love of property. Both are much under clerical influence, both distrusted the large Jewish element in the Socialist party. The landed peasants, moreover, who had grown rich during the war, had not passed through the economic school of revolution in which the unfortunate town workers had graduated. Their passion was to possess the land. They certainly wanted to be rid of the great feudal landowners, but only in order to build up their own caste on the basis of individual ownership and profit. The landless peasants, for their part, wanted to divide the big estates and to become small holders. Socialism had here a nearly insoluble problem to cope with. It might with great difficulty persuade the landless rural workers that their interest was rather to enter a guild of coöperative cultivators, and to work the big estates on a communal plan. These men, however, had little of the intelligence and the instinct of solidarity of the organized town worker. The more capable, better educated landed peasants were inevitably hostile. The declared policy of the Soviets was to leave these small owners undisturbed. The small and middle-sized farms were not "socialized." But their owners none the less felt insecure. They were merely tolerated; they were not a part of the governing proletariat. In one or two districts they made an armed revolt; in others they maintained a passive obstruction. Too numerous to be coerced, they were not conciliated. There grew up in consequence a sort of covert war between the starving towns and the recalcitrant country. With time and tact the problem might have been solved, but only after the lifting of the blockade had restored the industry of the towns. I question, myself, whether it could ever have been solved on the lines of a pure dictatorship of the proletariat. These small farmers and peasant owners are relatively too numerous and too robust to be left outside the governing body of the community. Compromise seems essential, and a wise policy would probably in the end have taken the peasants into partnership, trusting to education and economic pressure to complete the evolution from individual to communal production on the land.

It is on this agrarian question that socialism is destined, everywhere in Eastern and Central Europe, to meet its fate. Where it simply yields, as it is doing in Poland and Czecho-Slovakia, to the peasant's acquisitive instinct, breaks up feudalism, and replaces it by a caste of small owners, it seals its own doom. In Hungary it saw the danger and braved it with immense courage, but I am inclined to think that it went to the opposite extreme, and aroused the antagonism of the peasants, where greater patience might have won at least a party among them. That, however, was not the reason of its fall. A great experiment has been frustrated, a great experience thrown away, by the brutal workings of an alien blockade and a foreign intervention.

The Hungarian White Terror

By EUGENE S. BAGGER

THE first anniversary of the Magyar revolution of October 30, 1918, which shattered the throne of the last of the Hapsburgs and kindled in the breast of the Magyar people the hope of peace and democracy, finds Hungary prostrate in the throes of suffering and misery. The dissolution of the old régime gave to every progressive Magyar patriot, to men of the type of Count Michael Karolyi and Oscar Jaszi —throughout the war bitter opponents of German militarism—the hope of a better Hungarian future. Instead, owing to a series of tragic blunders on the part of Allied policy, the revolution resulted in a catastrophe beside which mere foreign occupation, like that of Belgium by the Germans, seems but a passing accident. For Hungary today is in the grip of a White Terror, administered by counter revolutionists, backed by the army of the most reactionary and barbarous Power of Europe—the Rumanian army of a Hohenzollern king. The henchmen of Premier Friedrich, who today are conducting wholesale pogroms resulting within a month, it is charged, in the death of six thousand Magyar workers and intellectuals, belong to that same class of Magyar nobility and gentry whose rule in the last half century has made Hungarian government notorious among civilized nations and whose imperialistic madness was directly responsible for the declaration of war on Serbia. These men combine in their work of murder and destruction the methods of Prussian efficiency with the Asiatic traditions of their class and race. For a fitting comparison with their methods one must turn to the record of the Young Turks, butchers of a million and a half Armenians.

It is useless now to recapitulate the events which led up to the overthrow of the Magyar Communist Government early in August. Nor is this the time to offer apologies in behalf of the régime of Béla Kun. The fact should merely be stated that notwithstanding the policy of yielding infinite concessions adopted by the Communists in their relations with the Allies, notwithstanding the relative moderation of their domestic policy, notwithstanding the favorable testimony of men like Mr. Brailsford and of even such anti-Bolshevist witnesses as Karl Lahm, of the *Vossische Zeitung*, notwithstanding, finally, the fact that—as *The Manchester Guardian* states—even General Smuts, envoy extraordinary of the Allies, was "avowedly well impressed with the spirit animating the Budapest Government," the Paris Conference decided that communism in Hungary must be crushed, and crushed it was.

The inside story of the Rumanian conquest, especially in its relation to the French-Italian rivalry and the Hapsburg intrigue emanating from Switzerland, has still to be revealed. It is now generally recognized that the invasion constituted a wholly unjustifiable attack on a defenseless people. As to the methods of pillage, murder, and torture employed by the Rumanians against a conquered people of non-combatants, there is plenty of evidence in the notes, as numerous as they were ineffectual, of the Allied officials in Budapest, and in the reports of a few foreign correspondents, among whom the representative of *The Manchester Guardian* especially has earned the lasting gratitude of every friend of justice and humanity.

The worst phase of the Rumanian conquest, however, was

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not its open brigandage, its systematic theft of everything valuable from railroad rolling stock, industrial machinery, and herds of cattle to jewelry and underwear taken from the bodies of Magyar women. The disaster culminated in the opportunity the presence of the Rumanian soldiery afforded to Magyar counter revolutionists. The *coup* of the Archduke Joseph—who owed his life to the good will and leniency of the Communist Government—went a little too far even for the Council at Paris. But when Joseph was eliminated he was succeeded by an able and vigorous lieutenant in the person of Stefan Friedrich, who applied himself with better success to securing, at least temporarily, Allied tolerance.

Of the methods of this adventurer, whose security seems to be founded upon his utter lack of scruple and the total exhaustion and despair of his environment, the correspondent of *The Manchester Guardian* submits, in a dispatch to his paper published on October 7, an interesting analysis. Aided by a small but determined army of supporters, consisting of Royalist ex-officers, anti-Semitic agitators, and the riff-raff of aristocratic and "gentry" adventurers who, under the protection of Rumanian arms, flocked to Budapest from Szeged where they had supported the counter-revolutionary activities of Count Julius Karolyi (not to be confused with his cousin, Michael, the high-minded but unfortunate leader of the first revolution), Friedrich started on his task of clearing the country of Bolsheviki. The correspondent of *The Manchester Guardian* writes:

> The Terror immediately followed. An order was placarded by the Rumanians as they advanced, instructing the population to report all Bolsheviki. This was taken advantage of by the White elements, and a general denunciation began. All that one had to do was to go up to a Rumanian soldier, point out somebody you disliked and say the word "Bolshevik." The jails at once began to fill. In a few days they were overpacked.
>
> No one was safe. A chance expression of even moderately liberal opinion, a personal difference, was enough to bring the quietest, most respectable, least Bolshevik-minded man into prison, where he would have to wait for weeks without trial, and probably be grossly mishandled. A Communist need expect no favor and no mercy.

In regard to the origin and activities of the Hungarian White Guards, the *Vienna Arbeiter-Zeitung* (which, by the way, cannot be accused of an exaggerated sympathy for Bolsheviki and Bolshevism) prints the account of its special correspondent, who investigated Hungarian conditions on the spot. The story, summarized, runs as follows:

Shortly before the collapse of the Soviet Government a body of ex-officers of the former Hungarian army organized themselves at Szeged, under the ægis of the counter-revolutionary government that had its seat there, into a "Black Death Battalion." They obtained authorization from the French Command (which is credited by the correspondent of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* with having evinced no particular enthusiasm for the scheme) to do duty behind the French troops guarding the line of demarcation. The real task assumed by this "Black Death Battalion" was to wreak vengeance on Bolshevism. The first days of its activity resulted in the death of several innocent persons. Thus, on the second day, the officers hanged a youth of nineteen, Herz by name, the son of a Budapest lawyer. The young man was arrested by the French as a Bolshevist, but discharged immediately as innocent. The Whites hanged him just the same. One Miss Nana Kukovicz, a painter, accused of being a Bolshevist sympathizer, was buried alive by the officers.

After the overthrow of the Kun régime the French Command denied permission to the Death Battalion to enter Budapest, whereupon the officers in secret crossed the Danube and started their activities in the trans-Danubian counties. The corps was divided into troops of twenty to thirty each, and these troops scoured the countryside, spreading terror and assassination in every village they visited. These troops are commanded mostly by scions of the great Magyar noble families, the names of the Counts, Szechenyi, Esterhazy, Vay, and Salm, and of the Barons Pronay and Pongracz occurring on the rolls. Another group was led by Dennis Bibo, a Knight of the Order of the Golden Spur.

The towns and villages Simontornya, Enying, Czelldömölk, Dunaföldvar, Marcali, Csurgo, Janoshaza, and a few others were made the scenes of unspeakable atrocities. In Marcali the officers executed twenty-five persons in one week, in Lengyeltoti nine, in Csurgo eight, in Fonyod four. The Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Nicholas Horthy, who has his headquarters at Siofok, on Lake Balaton (Plattensee), made several attempts to save the life of innocent men and women from the fury of his own officers, but without success.

One of the chief charges brought against the Communists was based on their suppression of inimical utterance and criticism. Let us see how the régime of the counter revolutionists, toward whom the Allies have assumed an attitude of toleration, honors the principle of free speech, press, and assemblage. The correspondent of *The Manchester Guardian* reported:

> Counteracting influences of decency and social appeasement were excluded, first by the Rumanians, who forbade all public gatherings, then by Friedrich, who took good care that no papers should appear save, of course, those in his service—another hint that he had taken, perhaps, from the Bolsheviki. To make quite sure of immunity from press criticism, he confiscated all the stocks of printing paper.
>
> Negotiations were begun for the foundation in Budapest of four new papers, all of them Christian Socialist, by a syndicate connected with the notorious anti-Semite Hapsburg *Reichspost* of Vienna. These papers were to receive the preference in paper distribution. The rest of the press had the "Jewish taint." In short, there was to be only a Monarchist, anti-Semitic, governmental press.

In this connection it is necessary to keep in mind the overwhelming influence of Jews in the intellectual life of modern Hungary. Practically ninety per cent. of the men prominent in twentieth-century Magyar literature are either Jews or of Jewish blood. Men such as Molnar, Lengyel, Biro, Szomory, Job, Szep, Ignotus-Veigelsberg, Brody, Hatvany, Fenyo, were the leaders of that literary revival which in the last fifteen years has sought to link Hungary, which up to the turn of the century had been sunk into a kind of nationalistic crystal-gazing, with the intellectual life of young France, England, and Italy. The political counterpart of this movement, centering around Ignotus-Veigelsberg's brilliant review *Nyugat* (The West)—a name which was a banner—was the anti-nationalistic European radicalism of Jaszi, himself of Jewish extraction. They were bitterly opposed and denounced as non-Magyar by the reactionary chauvinists, the self-styled "pure stock" Magyars who rightly saw in their influence the greatest danger of feudal privilege and economic and racial exploitation. Jewish talent was also prominent in painting and music, as well as in scholarship; but its chief field was journalism and literature. It should be emphasized, however, that this

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Jewish genius which was largely the motive power behind Hungarian progress in the past two decades was fully assimilated and "Magyar"; it lacked all particularistic or race-conscious traits and formed an integral and a distinguishable part of Magyar culture. This rôle of the Jews in the national life of Hungary is without parallel in other countries—not because of the strength of its influence but because of its thorough dilution and integration.

The first and second revolutions—the radical upheaval of Karolyi-Jaszi and in a sense the Communist *coup* of last March—signified the victory of this new "Western," i. e., European, anti-chauvinistic and progressive Magyarism over the "Asiatic" tradition of the feudal nobility. The White Terror represents a reaction to this tradition made possible solely by the presence of the Rumanian army, but a reaction all the more thorough and bloodthirsty as it is conscious of the passing character of its opportunity.

What under these circumstances is the fate of the best talent and intellect of young Hungary under the anti-Semitic terror it is easy to imagine. Apart from the immediate suffering inflicted on its victims, the White Terror is menacing the very existence of that new Magyar culture which was destined to transform the semi-Asiatic country of the Tiszas and Apponyis into a fit member of the European community of nations.

Documents

A Communist Manifesto from Hungary

THE following appeal of the Hungarian Communist party to the workers of the Allied countries is taken from the *Berner Tagwacht* of September 22.

To the Workers of Italy, France and England.

Comrades! The armies of the international counter revolutionaries now operating in Hungary have won a great victory over the Hungarian working people. Under protection of the Entente missions, aided by the Hungarian bourgeoisie, the Rumanians have occupied the capital, Budapest, and the most important cities of the country.

Therewith began the reign of terror of the bourgeoisie. The *coup d'état* in favor of a Hapsburg restoration, pillage and murder by the Rumanian soldiery, the theft of the last supplies of food, rolling stock, and machinery still on hand in the country: such was the prelude to the White Terror.

The note of protest issued by the Supreme Council proved to be an act of shameless hypocrisy. Under protection of the Entente missions a rabid monarchistic propaganda continues.

The White Terror of the bourgeoisie revels in orgies of blood and surpasses in sheer cruelty everything that has so far been lied about a Russian or Hungarian [Red] Terror.

The former officials of the Soviet Government, the soldiers of the Red Army, and the factory workers are being imprisoned, tortured to death, or deported to slavery in Rumania in tens of thousands. The executioners of the bourgeoisie, the monarchist officers, are murdering every day hundreds of innocent workers, without trial, without sentence, in Budapest and in the provinces.

The horrors of Finland and Bavaria are being re-enacted. On a superficial estimate six thousand workers have so far been murdered in Hungary—no matter whether they had been Socialists or Communists. White officers are murdering even progressive members of the bourgeoisie who dare express themselves against the monarchy. Not a single newspaper is allowed to appear. Clerical and monarchistic demonstrations are tolerated exclusively.

Comrades! All intelligent factory workers, the most tried elements of the movement, both those belonging to the young revolutionary school and the believers in the older tendency who have spread socialist education for decades, are being most ruthlessly exterminated.

The Hungarian proletariat, which after five years of war and unspeakable suffering, had overthrown the monarchy, and last March also rid itself of the bourgeoisie, stands today isolated and forsaken in the midst of the great working class community of the world, delivered helpless to the national and international executioners.

In this tragic hour we turn with a solemn appeal to the industrial workers of Italy, France, and England. We beseech you:

How long is your heartless indifference to last in the face of the heroic and terrible struggle of the Magyar proletariat? Not only for their own cause—for the deliverance of the proletariat of the entire world—the workers of Hungary are today bleeding to death. How long will you suffer the criminal activity of your governments in establishing the blackest reaction in Eastern Europe, bent upon forging new fetters for all the workers of the world?

Shall the millions of Italians and Frenchmen who fought for "the freedom of peoples," shall they have died in order to enable the bourgeoisie to subject the working class to a still more terrible and complete slavery?

Comrades! The cause of the Hungarian revolutionary workers is the cause of world revolution.

Italian, French, and English workers and soldiers! If you do not want to be traitors to your fellow workers, if you do not want to make common cause with your criminal governments,

Awaken and act!

Against the White Terror

THE Social Democratic party of Hungary has appealed to the workers of other countries in the following manifesto, which appeared in *The Manchester Guardian* of September 12.

From the Hungarian proletariat to the working population of the Western countries:

From amidst indescribable economic suffering and political distress, and after the frightful ruin and devastation of five long years of war and the storms of two political revolutions, we, the workers of Hungary, send forth this cry for help to the organized labor and to the civilized population of the whole world, particularly of the Western countries.

No people has suffered more cruelly than the Hungarian. None finds itself in such peril as this people. Hardly any people has less deserved such misfortune, for hardly any stood in such irreconcilable opposition as this people did to the rulers of the old Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, who in their light-minded frivolity hauled fifty-five millions of their people into the crime of this disastrous war.

Those guilty rulers of the people have been punished by revolution. Amid contumely and disgrace have the Hapsburg dynasty and their militarist gang been hunted out of the country, and where formerly there stood the prison state of Hapsburg there have blossomed forth young republican people's states—among them the People's Republic of Hungary—which hope to conduct their future history on the basis of political democracy.

We have been given, in fact, no opportunity of confirming our desire and intention to recognize and to carry out in our future relation with our neighbor peoples all those rights and principles which are laid down in President Wilson's well-known fourteen points. Through an unjust limitation of the future frontiers of our country pieces have been torn from our living flesh, from the purely Magyar body corporate of our land. The harshest possible blockade has been held over us, and we had to remain without raw materials, iron and coal, without

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food. The industry of our capital city has been condemned to death, and several hundreds of thousands are, not merely metaphorically, but in dread reality, menaced with death by hunger.

It was as an act of desperation on the part of Hungarian labor that Bolshevism came. It came only, and could only have come, after all hope in the West seemed vain. Bolshevism has now collapsed, and Hungarian labor, emerging from this most frightful and critical illness of its sorely-tried existence, is now turning itself towards social democracy, trusting to the political methods of the West.

We Social Democrats can only condemn the methods of the Dictatorship and the Red Terror. Yet at the moment that we are in the mood to make up for past mistakes we find ourselves face to face with a cruel White Terror of a mediæval and barbaric character. We have for Bolshevism only words of condemnation. Nevertheless, we are compelled to point out—and can establish it by documentary evidence—that the White Terror, in the four weeks since the usurpation of the "'Archduke" Joseph of Hapsburg and the Government of his adventurer lackey Friedrich, has spilt a hundredfold more blood than the dictatorial régime of the now overthrown Soviet Republic did in the whole four months of its existence.

Men's lives and workers' organizations have been destroyed that have not had the least thing in common with Bolshevism. Thousands upon thousands of innocent workers have been thrown into jail and there have been bloodily flogged and tortured. Simultaneously has the Friedrich Government, under the false pretext of hunting down Communists and through the lavish expenditure of money and the exercise of other official pressure, called into existence a pogrom movement and inaugurated a race war on a scale that is perilous for all Europe.

The intelligent and working population of Hungary might easily rid themselves of the forces of darkness and political reaction, but the Magyar nation has been deprived of its political autonomous rights.

Hungary is occupied by a foreign military Power. Military occupation pursues its own political and economic aims. Meanwhile, we are not free to move or breathe. Neither newspapers nor leaflets can be published. We are not permitted to hold public or private gatherings. All that we behold is the raging of the darkest reaction. All that we behold, too, is that no food trains are entering; that no coal is coming in for the winter and for the needs of our factories; that in one way after the other every possibility of economic production—nay, every possibility of existence now and for the future—has been taken away, and that in consequence a frightful anxiety is seizing upon the working population of the country.

We are overwhelmed by the prospect of a dreadful future in which scores upon scores of thousands of workers will seek to leave this land in the search for a new home, only to find every door closed against them. We have the feeling that our beautiful land is being treated by the victorious Powers like a corpse on the dissecting table and that the Western Powers lack either the will or the strength to take those decisive steps which it is incumbent upon the victor to take.

In face of this situation, so frightful for us, we appeal with all our force to the peoples of the West, and, first and foremost, to our working brothers in these countries. Hungary has become a Balkan problem—that is, upon Hungary now depends the peace of the Balkans, and for that reason and in that sense Hungary is a concern of European democracy.

Brothers, comrades, use your influence with your governments, and help us to recover our right of determining our own lives, to maintain our young freedom and our young Hungarian Republic, and to assure a future to ourselves and our children through the possibility of economic existence. All these things are threatened, and they can only be saved by your giving us at once that speedy help which in the interest not only of ourselves, but of the proletariat of Europe, we urgently and confidently expect of you.

Books of the Week

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

Barker, E. F. The Art of Photoplay Writing. St. Louis: Colossus Publishing Co. $1.—Callières, François de. On the Manner of Negotiating with Princess. Houghton Mifflin. $5.—Ellis, Havelock. The Philosophy of Conflict. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.—Henderson, Helen W. A Loiterer in New England. Doran. $5.—Maynard, Theodore. Carven from the Laurel Tree. McBride. $1.50.—Newman, Louis I. Richard Cumberland: Critic and Friend of the Jews. Bloch Publishing Co. 50 cents.—Olrik, Axel. The Heroic Legends of Denmark. Translated by Lee M. Hollander. American-Scandinavian Foundation.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Evarts, Sherman (editor). Arguments and Speeches of William Maxwell Evarts. Volumes 1, 2, and 3. Macmillan. $15.—Greene, Robert. Greene's Groat's-Worth of Wit, Bought with a Million of Repentance. McBride. $1.50.—Grenfell, Wilfred Thomason. A Labrador Doctor (Autobiography). Houghton Mifflin. $4.—Jones, Rufus. The Story of George Fox. Macmillan. $1.50.—Paul, Eden and Cedar (translators). Treitschke's History of Germany in the Nineteenth Century. Volume Six. McBride. $3.50.—Rhodes, James Ford. History of the United States from Hayes to McKinley, 1877-1896. Macmillan. $2.75.—Roberts, Octavia. With Lafayette in America. Houghton Mifflin. $5.

POETRY AND DRAMA

Benét, William Rose. Perpetual Light. Yale University Press. $1.35.—Churchill, Winston. Dr. Jonathan. Macmillan. $1.25.—Crawshay-Williams, Eliot. Clouds and the Sun. London: Allen & Unwin.—Curran, Edwin. Poems. Four Seas. $1.—Drinkwater, John. Poems, 1908-1919. Houghton Mifflin. $2.—Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth. Coplas de Jorge Manrique. McBride. $1.50.—Mayor, Beatrice. Poems. London: Allen & Unwin.—Murray, John Chick. The Sons of Maine. Boston: Four Seas. $1.25.—Rittenhouse, Jessie B. (editor). The Second Book of Modern Verse. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50.—von Heidenstam, Verner. The Soothsayer. Four Seas. $1.25.

FICTION

Boccaccio, Giovanni. The Decameron. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd. $2.—Bojer, Johan. The Face of the World. Translated by Jessie Muir. Moffat, Yard. $1.75.—Diver, Maud. The Strong Hours. Houghton Mifflin. $1.90.—Dix, Beulah Marie. Hands Off! Macmillan. $2.—Fauley, Wilbur Finley. Jenny Be Good. Britton Publishing Co. $1.50.—Knipe, Emilie Benson and Alden Arthur. A Cavalier Maid. Macmillan. $1.75.—Lathrop, Mabel C. and William A. The Man That Never Grew Up. Britton Publishing Co. $1.50.—London, Jack. On the Makaloa Mat. Macmillan. $1.60.—Mulder, Arnold. The Outbound Road. Houghton Mifflin. $1.65.—Richardson, Dorothy M. The Tunnel. Knopf. $2.—Steiner, Edward A. Sanctus Spiritus and Company. Doran. $1.60.—Wheeler, Van Zandt. The Creed of Her Father. Britton Publishing Co. $1.50.—Whitney, Gertrude Capen. I Choose. Boston: Four Seas. 75 cents.—Willsie, Honoré. The Forbidden Trail. Stokes.

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

Anonymous. Where is Christ? Houghton Mifflin. $1.35.—Avalon, Arthur. The Serpent Power. London: Luzac & Co.—Macleod, Euphemia. Seances with Carlyle. Boston: $1.25.

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